

incorporating Arts Digest/MARCH 1958/75 cents

Arch *D*

BERTHE MORISOT

By Alfred Werner

**SEVEN SCULPTORS
AT THE GUGGENHEIM**

By Sidney Geist

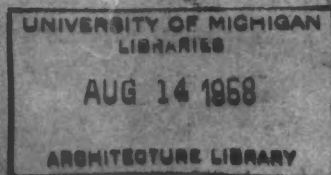
ARTS

COLOR FEATURES

*Boston's Museum of Fine Arts
Edouard Pignon*

REPORT FROM COPENHAGEN

By Vernon Young



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ARTS

Vol. 32, No. 6 / 75 cents

MARCH 1958

CONTRIBUTORS

Vernon Young's report on the art scene in Copenhagen this month is based on his recent travels in Scandinavia. Another of his critical reports, on Sweden, will appear in the near future. Mr. Young, a regular contributor to ARTS, has been in Europe since early autumn; he is currently in London, where he is at work on a book. Mr. Young has contributed often to *The Hudson Review*, *Accent*, *The Kenyon Review* and other important critical journals.

Sonya Rudikoff, who reviews Ben Shahn's volume of *Charles Eliot Norton Lectures*, *The Shape of Content*, in this number, has contributed art criticism to the *Partisan* and *Hudson* review. She was recently awarded a fellowship in criticism by the editors of *Partisan Review*. She lives in Princeton, New Jersey.

George Woodcock, our reviewer of Bernard S. Myers' *Mexican Painting in Our Time*, is a Canadian writer currently living in France. He is the author of many biographical and critical books, among them volumes on Oscar Wilde, William Godwin and Prince Kropotkin. His most recent book is *To the City of the Dead*, a travel book on Mexico published by Faber and Faber in London. His writings often appear in the *Saturday Review*, *Sewanee Review* and *Dissent*.

Charles S. Kessler, a contributor to the *College Art Journal* and *The Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*, is on the faculty of the *Kansas City Art Institute* and *School of Design*.

Alfred Werner has recently edited a volume of the writings of Albrecht Dürer, to appear shortly under the imprint of the *Philosophical Library*. His most recent article in ARTS was "The Tragedy of André Derain" in the January number.

FORTHCOMING: **Leslie Katz** writes on the important *Seurat* exhibition recently on view at the *Art Institute of Chicago* and opening later this month at the *Museum of Modern Art* in New York. His article will be accompanied by color plates . . . the poet **Marianne Moore** writes about the watercolor-drawings of the American artist **Robert Andrew Parker**, on the occasion of his exhibition at the *Roko Gallery* . . . a color feature on the religious-art collection of *Bob Jones University* . . . a color feature on the *Renoir* exhibition coming next month at *Wildenstein's* in New York . . .



ON THE COVER

Berthe Morisot, THE TWO SISTERS (1894), a charcoal drawing by the French Impressionist whose extensive correspondence with noted contemporaries has recently been published in this country by George Wittenborn, Inc. Alfred Werner discusses the origins of her too little known art on pages 40-45.

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LETTERS

"ART, USA" & ARTISTS EQUITY

To the Editor:

We have read with amazement and dismay your editorial article in the February issue of ARTS, entitled "Art, USA, Jurying and Artists Equity." We know that you are interested in the welfare of the American artist and in the advancement of art appreciation in this country. We hope that you will credit us with similar high-minded motives. We believe that several of your statements are untrue and misleading, and are calculated to do injury to the very objectives to which you, and we, are devoted.

Let us deal with some of your comments on Artists Equity as they appear in your article.

There is unfortunately a painful remark about much of the work of members of Artists Equity being "strictly amateur" and about the quality of our professional standards. We dare say that upon reflection you will find that you have done the members of Artists Equity and the art world a serious injustice. We will not linger on your characterization of submitted art work as amateur in quality. *De gustibus non disputandum est*. We are reluctant to believe that you can set yourself up categorically as the ultimate judge as to what is and what is not professional or amateur. We have reasonable standards which have come to be recognized in the art world as of sound merit. To qualify for membership in Artists Equity Association, an artist must prove participation in at least two major national, juried shows, a one-man exhibition in a reputable gallery, or, representation in a bona fide gallery, and give evidence of an art-education background. He also must have the recommendation of three active AE members. We do not jury our membership. We rely entirely on proof submitted and the recommendation of artists. We submit that these are proper criteria for our membership, no different in essence from those in the world of letters or the other arts.

Another unwarranted criticism is directed at Artists Equity because of its position on entrance fees. Here let us point out that our position is not a new one and that it is not ours alone; it takes into account the realities of the situations affecting the artists and the art world. Our policy on entrance fees is clear and has been forcefully stated in our Directory of Open Exhibitions, a copy of which was sent to you in November, 1957, for your comment. We quote from it: "Equity Chapters are basically opposed to the charging of fees to artists for exhibiting their work. However, if members feel the furthering of their careers demands their participation in these exhibitions, they are naturally free to participate."

The Joint Artists-Museums Committee (consisting of representatives of the American Association of Museums, the American Federation of Arts, the Association of Art Museum Directors, the College Art Association and Artists Equity Association), at a meeting held at the Whitney Museum on April 10, 1957, resolved: "We are opposed as a matter of principle to museums charging artists fees in connection with open exhibitions, including those for entry, handling, unpacking, packing, exhibiting, hanging, etc. We believe that such expenses should be considered as part of a museum's regular expenditures. We realize that in terms of the individual museum's particular and current problems, such fees are sometimes necessary to make an open exhibition possible; but we believe that museums should explore other sources for needed funds, such as foundations, municipal subsidies, corporation support, private contributions, and admission charges; and we express the hope that the practice of charging fees to artists may be eliminated."

We know how important exhibiting is to the artist, and far from objecting to a gallery making money, we hope always that every exhibition will be a financial success. Indeed, wherever the opportunity offers, we make every effort to help realize this end. The gallery can reasonably be expected to assume certain parts of the cost of

the exhibition to match the costs which every artist assumes when he sends his creation for exhibition: framing, crating, shipping and insurance. Since the artist does not share in the income from the admission fees, it seems to us unreasonable to call upon him to make an additional financial outlay in the form of entrance fees. This, please note, is not only our belief; it is clearly the viewpoint of others in the art field, as represented in the Joint Artists-Museums Committee, whose resolution appears above.

We do not know how many Artists Equity members were invited and did not participate for one reason or another, nor how many submitted to the jury and were rejected. We do know that approximately 22% of AEA members were included in the show and that approximately 24% of all works in the exhibition were by AE members. It is clear that AEA members were a significant part of all artists in the show. It is interesting to note that two of the prizes were awarded to AEA members who had submitted to the jury; also that of the panel of six jurors, two were Equity members.

Then there is your unfortunate and totally false reference to "pressure." Here it appears you do an injustice to "Art, USA, 58" as well as to Artists Equity. You say: "Artists Equity, hearing that dealers as a group were not entering their artists, said that unless the three-dollar entrance fee was waived for Equity members it would advise them not to submit." This statement is untrue. We refer you to Mr. Lee Nordness, who ran the show, and to Mr. Karl Zerbe, President of Artists Equity Association, with whom Mr. Nordness agreed to waive the entrance fee for Equity members in order to attract our membership. Mr. Nordness says he "never regarded any relationship with Artists Equity as unfair; there was never any pressure, and the co-operation was excellent."

While Equity is pledged to fight for better exhibiting opportunities for all artists, its best efforts, in the nature of things, must be exerted for its own members. Any qualified artist can join Artists Equity and secure for himself the benefits of membership, including the elimination of entrance fees. The reduction or elimination of entrance fees to secure submissions is analogous to the reduction of subscription fees which art publications allow to members of Artists Equity. Both practices are good business.

We wish to record our sense of grief that a publication which can be as valuable as yours for the artist's well-being and for the art world as a whole, should have "flown off the handle" and published material without substance, with unfortunate statements, and still more unfortunate inference.

Elias Newman, Executive Director
Artists Equity Association
New York City

To the Editor:

I deplore deeply your unwarranted, unseemly and in many ways misleading attack on Artists Equity Association in your editorial in the February issue of ARTS Magazine. As an editorial writer one could at least expect from you that you get your facts straightened out before you start writing. Artists Equity has for twelve years devoted itself to the betterment of the economic condition and situation of the professional artist, and everything that is accomplished in this direction benefits all American artists, whether or not they belong to AEA.

Artists Equity Association is unequivocally opposed to the payment of fees, in any form, by professional artists for the exhibition of their work. It is bad business and degrading for the artist. For instance, we would consider it improper for a company to ask one thousand artists to pay four or five thousand dollars in fees, hang a hundred paintings, give a prize or two, and then realize a substantial profit in free advertising. Exhibiting on this basis becomes a lottery—a mockery of nine hundred artists who, amateur or not, never had a chance.

Artist groups and art associations are a different problem, and in most instances their



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ARTS

LETTERS

exhibition activities are made possible only by contributions of the members. Equity does not interfere in this practice. Although it definitely urges such organizations to explore and find different ways to finance their activities, Equity has never used (as you so unfairly state) pressure tactics or asked the membership to boycott any exhibition. It leaves this problem entirely to the judgment of the individual artist.

I would suggest that you do a little research and ask as many artists of your acquaintance as you can (most, very likely, will be in what we might call the top bracket), and I am sure you will find that an overwhelming majority will never send their work to exhibitions charging fees. This was the only argument I used when I negotiated with Mr. Nordness about dropping the entrance fee for professional artists.

Artists Equity Association is the only large, esthetically non-committed organization that concerns itself mainly with the problems I have stated. It exists because it should exist—there has to be a group to represent the professional artists. I believe that all professional artists who qualify should and can be members of it. Among Equity's more than fifteen hundred members are artists such as Charles Burchfield and Ben Shahn, Rico Lebrun and Loren MacIver, Mark Tobey and Chaim Gross (to name just a few that your magazine has recently commended), all the way down to what you might call the lower echelons. That not all of them find your critical acclaim is inevitable. To play with this and smear a whole organization that is devoted to the improvement of the artist, regardless of his place on the esthetic checkerboard, is irresponsible.

I most strongly object to your paragraph stating:

Since professional artists from all over the nation were invited to submit and did, one might expect high standards, yet there were copies of calendar art, pictures apparently done from numbered paint kits, sloppy smears that were intended as abstractions, and an endless stream of cat portraits and insipid student attempts at human portraits.

In this very strange sequence of sentences you imply that all of this bad art was submitted by the professional artists. This is either bad English or else a deliberate attack on the professional artist.

It is hard for me to understand how you could have written an editorial so full of misconceptions, spite and (apparently) ignorance, and I deeply regret the necessity for this sharp reply to you and your magazine.

Karl Zerbe, President
Artists Equity Association
New York City

EDITOR'S NOTE: My facts concerning the meeting with Mr. Nordness and its results were supplied voluntarily by an officer of Artists Equity Association. At the time I asked Mr. Nordness whether his version concurred and whether he had felt that pressure had been applied. He agreed with the Equity officer and said that it was his understanding that Equity would advise its members not to submit to the "Art, USA" show unless he waived the fee for them. It is possible that a misunderstanding occurred, and if so I apologize to all concerned; however, my source was an officer of Equity and a respected member of the art world.

I agree that there is a need for an organization such as Equity and that it has done many excellent things. Nevertheless, I believe that it must strengthen its entrance requirements if it is to be a truly professional organization rather than a large membership group of professional and amateur artists. By so doing I believe that it will gain new strength and attract new members.

The quotation that Mr. Zerbe takes out of context began with the statement, "There were many competent and some excellent paintings."

My point, apparently misunderstood, was that too few people have high standards for their work. Work should not be shown as professional unless there is technical competence, which comes through experience and hard work. If entrants were better judges of their own work the rate of rejections by juries charged with selecting (in their opinion) good exhibitions, would be lower. This particular paragraph did not mention Equity and was not intended as a reference to Equity.—J.M.

To the Editor:

May I be one of the many to congratulate you on your "Spectrum" statement in your February issue of ARTS. Such sincere, straightforward statements and helpful criticism should be appreciated by all of us in this field.

I talked at length last summer on the telephone with Mr. Nordness, and considering the terrific problems and difficulties which are inherent in undertakings of this kind, it seems to me that the exhibition "Art, USA, 58" accomplished some valuable procedures. The review of the finances also should be of interest as it points out, as you so wisely do, the need for some sort of entrance fee.

Again, my congratulations.

Frederick B. Robinson, Director
Springfield Museum of Fine Arts
Springfield, Massachusetts

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Springfield statement shows that prize and purchase funds donated by the museum and private individuals and groups amounted to \$6,015. The cost of producing the exhibition was \$3,317. To defray these costs \$1,177 was received in entrance fees, \$1,500 was donated, \$2,040 was received from other sources, and the museum paid the deficit of \$3,600.

To the Editor:

Your excellent article on "Art, USA, 58" in the February issue of ARTS touches upon some pertinent points. But you failed with the subject of the financial loss suffered by the community of artists in the U.S.A. in 1958 in the above exhibition.

You and your colleagues viewed some four thousand paintings. Considering that it costs \$15.00 to \$25.00 to send a painting to a show, the artists' community has spent a total of \$60,000 to \$100,000 on this exhibition. Prizes, which constitute a return on the expenditure, amounted to \$7,000. You do not talk about sales, and I therefore will have to make a guess that these amounted to around \$3,000. Therefore the artists' group got back approximately \$10,000 and thus suffered a loss of \$50,000 to \$90,000 in this one exhibition. Considering that there are about four large national shows a year, the poor artist becomes poorer and poorer indeed.

Some years ago, I suggested to Artists Equity a different method of organizing large shows. Artists Equity seems not to have then been in a position to act on such a proposal. Briefly, my suggestion entails a library of slides of contemporary artists, where each artist, "good" or "bad," may send in his slides. An exhibiting entrepreneur would then be able to invite a show after consulting the slide library. Such a system would eliminate a great deal of unnecessary expense and trouble to the artist, and the entrepreneur would really be in a position to see what is being produced in the U.S.A.

I do hope that you will take to heart this problem—the financial losses incurred by the artists because of national and nationally advertised shows—and will institute a search for better ways to organize exhibitions and to acquaint the public with the work being done in the U.S.A., 19—.

Itzhak Sankowsky
Merion, Pennsylvania

EDITOR'S NOTE: More than 150 works were sold for almost \$50,000 at the "Art, USA, 58" exhibition.

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LETTERS

To the Editor:

Shades of the not-so-long-ago Terry Art Institute exhibition fiasco! Once again the duplicity of the Manhattan art dealers has triumphed over the credulity of American artists.

I refer, of course, to "Art, USA, 58," for which grandiose idea (disregarding the academic-modern and story-book illustration of the prize winners) we should congratulate young Mr. Nordness.

However, the execution of this grand scheme with its resultant execution of a good many artists' hopes leaves much to be desired on the fair-play side of its ledger.

American artists by now should be used to the absence of sportsmanship, but hope of recognition springs eternal, and they were easily duped by Nordness' promise of exhibiting approximately four thousand paintings and as many pieces of sculpture as the jury deems of necessary merit. No doubt, some twenty-five hundred artists among those who spent \$6.00 and stiff freight rates for two entries feel cheated. (The figure of twenty-five hundred represents the difference between Nordness' public promise and the actuality of his and fellow dealers' connivance in limiting the exhibit at the last minute—after entry fees were paid—to some fifteen hundred.)

Now, all the seven thousand artists who submitted to "Art, USA, 58" have to do is decide which twenty-five hundred of them would have been shown had Nordness not reneged and then demand a refund of the entry fees for that group. Perhaps they can use that \$15,000 for a high-quality (again I am judging by the prize winners) "Salon de Refusés."

Anyway, I imagine there are many artists who will think more than twice now about such big promises. Shame on you Mr. Marshall for being a part of it all.

Don Kreuger
Southwestern College
Winfield, Kansas

To the Editor:

As a member of Artists Equity Association in full accord with the national policy to discourage the levying of entry fees, I would like to make a few observations concerning Mr. Marshall's censure of the fee waiving for Equity members only in the recent "Art, USA, 58" show in Madison Square Garden.

Concerning the two-thirds Equity rejections, I have long come to the conclusion that the artist's passion for gambling must be much more compulsive than that of the race-track addict. Else why should he put down his money over and over again for framing, crating, expressage, entry fee (unreturnable) and insurance—and lose? When does he learn? He doesn't—not until he reaches the "middle age" plateau, i.e. after he has finished his "youth" period, when such activity changes from legitimate investment for pedigree growing purposes, to speculation, to sheer inexcusable gambling and he has not jumped into the gallery-sponsored security of being non-rejectable. (This evolution has nothing to do with chronological age since the last listing of young American new discoveries that I looked at included a man of fifty-four.) I think that this accounts for the fact that as a pink-ticketed group the Equity entries might very well be confined to those, less experienced than some, whose compulsion to exhibit coincides with a period in their lives when the results of their productive development is still uneven. They all must have shown some spasmodic strength somewhere, however, in order to have qualified as members. To a great number of "middle-aged" (again non-chronical) members, it just doesn't make sense any more to spend all that money (even minus the three dollar entry fee) just to suffer the hazards of being the twentieth in a series of good paintings rather than the twenty-first after twenty bad ones—a likely contingency most graphically described by Mr. Marshall himself.

If the visitors who came to Madison Square Garden to see this gigantic art show could not defray whatever expenses were defrayed by the \$3.00 entry fee levied on all artists except

Equity members, I cannot for the life of me understand why Mr. Nordness went to all that trouble. Such goings-on certainly would not make sense to a Broadway producer. His show would close on the second night.

I am grateful to you for airing this matter of entry fees levied on exhibiting artists to help defray the costs of a show which would not exist at all if it were not for their submissions. It is a matter which needs as much airing as possible.

Marie Zoe Greene
Chicago, Illinois

To the Editor:

I would be surprised to know what makes you a critic and how you and the jury judged "Art, USA, 58." There was a painting that was copied from a photo from *Life Magazine*. I know because it was the one I discouraged my students from copying. I believe in *originality first*. Most of the work I saw at the show resembled someone else's. Most likely you would not accept anything too original.

Artists Equity Member
New Rochelle, N. Y.

THE MATISSE LETTER

To the Editor:

Although I am heartily in agreement with the philosophy of the Henri Matisse letter [ARTS, November, 1957], I think he was unnecessarily concerned about a condition which has not and will not come to pass.

In some respects, I wish that his fears could be substantiated with facts, and that the young artists and students did glean from his works that "facility and negligence of drawing" etc. At least they will have observed the efforts of a master, and in vainly seeking only the surface effects of his achievements, and attempting to duplicate them, they may discover their error and become aware of the mastery necessary to achieve such effects. The young artist may discover, too, that those men of genius who were Matisse's contemporaries and those great artists who preceded him in the nineteenth century, achieved their inspiring results not by imitating each other, but by rediscovering the ways of earlier masters . . .

In theory, I am not at all concerned with the methods by which an artist arrives at a creative solution, but I am concerned that an individual can ignore man's historic processes of learning through growth and development. I am also concerned about the young artist who is seeking a quick way to success by imitating those of his contemporaries who have made unusual sales. In his own eagerness for recognition he winds up figuratively "chasing his own tail."

Mr. Matisse states his own reluctance to any claim as a teacher, yet I think that he has made a profound statement in criticism of our learning processes, and I hope he will be as long remembered for that lesson as for his masterpieces of painting.

Walter Froelich
Seattle, Washington

MLLE MICHELSON IN PARIS

To the Editor:

Bravo! to Annette Michelson for her wonderful articles on the Paris art scene. How wonderful it is to read something really literate on this subject, and not dominated by the so-called Cold War between Paris and New York. ARTS should be congratulated on acquiring a correspondent who commands such insight, wit and style.

Anna Gottsagen
Boston, Mass.

RECONSIDERING DERAINE

To the Editor:

The articles in the January issue of ARTS on the late André Derain did much to restore an intelligent criticism of a great painter. Mr. Werner's biographical portrait gave us much to think about, but whether Derain's life was a

"tragedy" or not remains to be seen. Others might consider the evidence differently. One cannot praise too highly Mr. Heron's fine attention to individual works.

W. S. Stanford
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

To the Editor:

There were good reasons for neglecting André Derain which have been overlooked in the two articles published recently in ARTS. Derain began his career as a progressive, thoughtful, avant-garde painter, and afterwards got chicken and faded out. All the art criticism in the world can't change that!

Dennis Hardy
New York City

CORRECTIONS

To the Editor:

Monthly articles sent across the Atlantic cannot always be proofread by the author. In view of this, I should like to say that the record of your office in deciphering my handwriting has been quite brilliant; I am extremely grateful. However, in the January issue we have, between us, slipped up twice. The Derain retrospective at Wildenstein's was arranged, and the catalogue introduction written, by Mr. Denys Sutton—not Mrs. Dennys Sutton. And the retrospective of S. W. Hayter was held at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, not the Lefevre.

Patrick Heron
St. Ives, Cornwall
England

To the Editor:

There is an incorrect statement in the February issue ["In the Galleries"] regarding Shirley Spaulding. Miss Spaulding had her first one-man show in my gallery in March, 1957. I have shown her works since 1956.

Sidney Rothman
James E. Mack & Sons
New York City

ARTS YEARBOOK

To the Editor:

...delay in writing to you about the first of the ARTS YEARBOOKS, but I felt that I really needed time to go through this impressive publication and that it would be a mistake simply to tell you what a splendid first impression it made upon arrival. Now that I have read a good deal of it and looked at it many times, I can tell you with greater force that I feel it is a very substantial contribution to our knowledge and understanding of the topics dealt with, and that it seems to commence a new series of publications which are bound to be of permanent value. I was delighted with everything about the issue, and I am sure I shall have many occasions to refer to it. I want to congratulate you and Mr. Kramer and all of the others who were associated with this ambitious and imaginative production.

Allen S. Weller, Dean
College of Fine and Applied Arts
University of Illinois
Urbana, Illinois

INQUIRY ON PASCIN

To the Editor:

I am preparing a comprehensive biography of the French-Bulgarian painter Jules Pascin, and would appreciate hearing from your readers if they have information of the whereabouts of any of his paintings, drawings or letters or of any photographs of him.

Alfred Werner
Hotel Bryant
Broadway and 54th Street
New York, N. Y.

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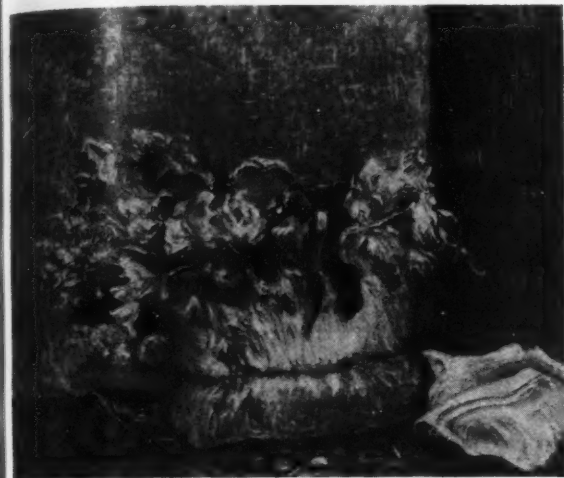
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AUCTIONS

FRENCH MODERN MASTERS FEATURED
IN APPROACHING SALE AT PARKE-BERNET



Paul Gauguin, NATURE MORTE: CORBEILLE DE FLEURS (c. 1884-85).

THE Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York announce an important sale of French modern paintings for Wednesday evening, March 19, at 8:00 p.m. Stellar canvases in the group are an early Gauguin still life and an 1896 Pissarro, both from the collection of Mrs. Henry John Heinz II, New York, and a major work by Paul Signac, belonging to His Excellency Hugues Le Gallais, of the Ambassade du Grand-Duché de Luxembourg in Washington.

Nature Morte: Corbeille de Fleurs, Gauguin's dramatic study of pink anemones in a yellow basket against a blue-green ground, is signed and dedicated to the artist's lifelong friend, Emil Schuffenecker, whom he called, in later years, "le bon Schouffe," and from whose family the painting descended.

Among the other artists represented in the coming sale are Boudin, Daumier, Derain, Vlaminck, Utrillo, De Chirico, Matisse, Chagall, Miró, Gris and De Staël.

The collection will be on public exhibition at the Parke-Bernet Galleries from March 15. An illustrated catalogue, in which the Gauguin, Pissarro and Signac are reproduced in color, is available from William Robinson in London and Pierre Beres in Paris, as well as direct from Parke-Bernet.

AUCTION CALENDAR

March 7 & 8, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French furniture and decorations, property of Mrs. Robert L. Gerry, New York, sold by her order, and property from other owners. Exhibition from March 1.

March 11 & 12, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Books on angling, hunting, guns, including an extensive group of Derrydale Press books, the collection of Arthur D. Leidesdorf, New York, sold by his order; together with fine editions collected by Dr. Edwin O. Grover, Winter Park, Florida, the late Albert R. Whittier, Milton, Massachusetts, and other owners. Exhibition from March 1.

March 14 & 15, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English furniture and decorations from various owners. Exhibition from March 8.

March 19, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Important French modern paintings, from the collections of Mrs. Henry John Heinz II, New York, His Excellency Hugues Le Gallais, Washington, D.C., and other owners. (For details see story above.) Exhibition from March 15.

March 22, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French and other furniture and decorations from various sources. Exhibition from March 15.

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PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



Frederick Kiesler



Leo Amino



Dr. Grace Morley



Peter Pollack



James S. Watrous

Plans for an exhibition of the "Endless House" project of the architect **Frederick Kiesler** (above) at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, have gained impetus through a grant of \$12,000 from the D. S. and R. H. Gottesman Foundation. Kiesler's concept of architectural space makes floor, walls and ceiling flow into each other as a continuous structure without right-angled intersections. Spans of any dimension are theoretically possible through the co-ordination of all parts of the building to make one continuous structural shell. The structure which the museum hopes to present in its garden will be approximately forty by sixty feet and twenty-five feet high, with lighting and other facilities incorporated. In connection with plans for the exhibition, Arthur Drexler, director of the museum's Department of Architecture and Design, said: "Although Mr. Kiesler first proposed an 'endless space' in the early twenties . . . until recently his ideas have been considered theoretical studies. Heightened interest in the possibilities of shell concrete, however, bring

the unprecedented architectural space he envisaged within the realm of practical building."

A work by the sculptor **Leo Amino** (above), one of four artists submitting entries, has been selected for presentation to the winner in the first annual **Miniaturization Award**, sponsored by Miniature Precision Bearings, Inc., of Keene, New Hampshire. Mr. Amino's sculpture will be cast in bronze and presented to the award winner on March 23. The sculptures submitted were juried by **John Baur**, curator of the Whitney Museum, **Horace D. Gilbert**, president of Miniature Precision Bearings, Inc., and **Jonathan Marshall**, publisher of ARTS.

Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley (above) and the Trustees of the San Francisco Museum of Art have jointly announced Dr. Morley's resignation as director of the museum, effective December 31, 1960. During her twenty-five-year directorship of the museum, Dr. Morley has also lectured, organized exhibitions and traveled abroad on cultural mis-

sions, including a recent trip to Asia and Africa for the State Department. In announcing Dr. Morley's resignation, Mr. E. Morris Cox, president of the museum's board of trustees, stated: "Under Dr. Morley's leadership, our museum has developed from a modest beginning to a world-renowned center of modern art. . . . We are happy to know that her retirement as our Director will not mean her retirement from the cultural world to which she has contributed so much and in which she is an internationally recognized authority."

Peter Pollack (above), curator of photography and public-relations counsel for the Art Institute of Chicago for the past twelve years, has joined the publishing firm of Harry N. Abrams, Inc., in New York City, as associate publisher. Mr. Pollack is the author of *Picture History of Photography*, which will be published early next fall by the Abrams firm.

The artist **James S. Watrous** (above), chairman of the Art Department of the University of Wisconsin in Madison, has been commissioned to execute a large mosaic mural for a new chemical-engineering building on the campus of Washington University in St. Louis. The nine-by-twelve-foot mural, to be located in the entrance lobby of the new building, will be composed of small pieces of colored glass embedded in a fiber-glass matrix. Professor Watrous expects to have the mural ready for installation before the building opens in September.

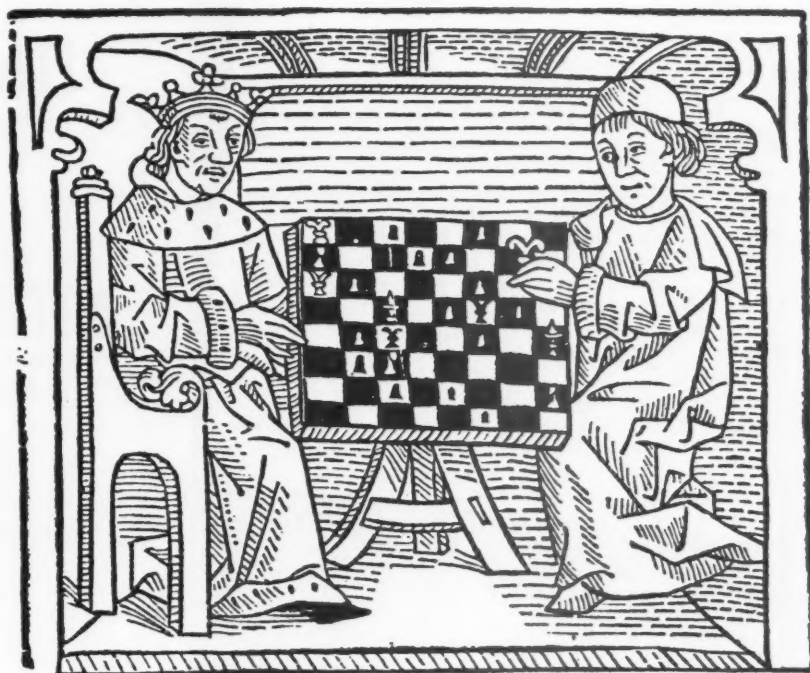
Prizes and awards in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art's 153rd Annual Exhibition, organized and presented in collaboration with the Detroit Institute of Arts, have been announced as follows: **Philip Evergood**, **Gabor Peterdi**, **Robert Brackman**, **Charles Burchfield**, **Marca-Relli**, **Ben Kamihira** and **Jane Sperry Eisenstat** in painting; **Kahlil Gibran**, **Victor Riu**, **Philip Fowler**, **Juan Nickford** and **Roy Gussow** in sculpture. The exhibition took place in Philadelphia last month and will be on view at the Detroit Institute of Arts from March 18 to April 13.

Jurors for the Newark Museum's third triennial state-wide exhibition of "Work by New



Lucas Cranach the Elder, *DEATH OF THE VIRGIN*. This work by the sixteenth-century German artist is one of a collection of thirty-six famous old-master paintings and valuable tapestries that will be flown from New York City to the Caribbean area for showing in three countries. The exhibition has been arranged by **French and Co.**, New York art and antique dealers, and by cultural leaders in Puerto Rico, Cuba and Venezuela. The paintings will be shown at the Palacio de Bellas Artes in Havana from March 10 to March 31, and at the headquarters of the Instituto de Cultura Puertorriquena from April 22 to May 7, simultaneously with the Casals Festival. The tapestries and a selection of paintings will be shown in Caracas in May. Technical director of the exhibition is Mrs. Yolanda le Witter.

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Jersey Artists" will be **Robert Coates**, art critic of the *New Yorker* magazine, **John Ferren**, artist and instructor at Queens College in New York, and **Louis Bouché**, artist and instructor with the Art Students League of New York. Entry blanks may be obtained from the museum at 43-49 Washington Street, Newark 1, New Jersey, through March 18, and work will be received March 20-22.

The artist **Marc Chagall** arrived at the University of Chicago on February 20 for a three-week stay as visiting professor to the university's Committee on Social Thought. He is conducting three seminars on the subject of "Art and Life" for faculty members, students and associates of the committee. In connection with Chagall's visit to Chicago, the Renaissance Society and the Committee on Social Thought are sponsoring an exhibition of his paintings and graphics (through March 8), which will include rarely seen works from private collections in the city.

Fifteen educational institutions, including museums and libraries, will receive sets of hundreds of color slides depicting the **arts of the United States**, as a gift of the **Carnegie Corporation**. The foundation has announced that it will also assist other selected institutions in purchasing the slides, formerly unavailable in such sets. The gifts mark the culmination of a two-year survey of visual arts in the United States conducted under the chairmanship of the artist **Lamar Dodd** of the University of Georgia. Approximately four thousand objects—sculpture, furniture, bridges, buildings and works in brass and pewter—were selected for reproduction. The corporation will pay half the cost of sets for selected institutions. Inquiries should be addressed to the Carnegie Corporation, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

OBITUARIES

The French painter and printmaker **Georges Rouault** died at his home in Paris on February 13 at the age of eighty-seven, after an illness of several months. As a tribute to the painter, the Museum of Modern Art in New York has put on view three important paintings typical of his work.

The architect **Philip L. Goodwin** died on February 12 in Tucson, Arizona, at the age of seventy-two. He was the co-designer, with Edward D. Stone, of the Museum of Modern Art building in New York and had served as a trustee and board chairman of the museum.

Jan Müller, German-born painter who came to the United States from France in 1941, died in New York on January 30 at the age of thirty-five. Mr. Müller exhibited at the co-operative Hansa Gallery, of which he was a founder.

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SPECTRUM

The American Crisis

AMERICA is facing the gravest crisis in its history, a breakdown of morale, incentive and educational standards. Although the so-called "egghead" has been granted some grudging recognition in recent months—motivated by fear of Russian sputniks—the intellectual and creative person remains a second-class citizen. As long as we remain complacent and satisfied with the *status quo*, as long as the intellectual and creative talent is minimized in our society, our future is in jeopardy.

What is happening to us as a people? Why have we lost our prestige in the world community? For years we have been smugly secure in our home of material wealth. Despite the fact that it has been threatened by Russia, we have politics as usual and the old program of guns and dollars. We have lost the initiative because we lack initiative and lack a creative approach to domestic and international problems. The necessary approach cannot be supplied by scientists, generals and businessmen alone, and certainly not by professional politicians.

American cultural programs at home and abroad have been starved by lack of funds and fettered with censorship. The examples are too many to list, but we may mention as typical the censorship two years ago of the United States Information Agency's art exhibitions, which were canceled because of political pressures, and the fact that, as of this writing, our budget for representation at the Brussels World's Fair has been cut to the point where funds are not available to reproduce works of art in color in the catalogue being prepared for the American Pavilion. At home paintings by great American artists of the past are being allowed to disintegrate in the National Art Collection of the Smithsonian Institute for lack of funds. Similar situations exist in the other arts.

Bigger television screens, bigger cars, more chrome and greater leisure time in which to watch others—this has become our standard of living. We see the results in the lack of craftsmanship in things we buy and in the decline of skilled artisans as a group. In art we see the results in the glib work that is constantly being foisted on the public by people who have not taken the time to learn the fundamentals. Although there are many competent, serious, well-trained professionals in the field, there are twice as many people who merely think that they are professional and who pose as such. We would do well to apply to our whole society the Matisse letter quoted in this column in November. In it he said, "... slow and painful work is indispensable . . . When an artist does not know how to prepare his flowering period by work . . . he has a short future before him; or when an artist who has 'arrived' no longer feels the necessity of getting back to earth from time to time, he begins to go round in circles, repeating himself, until by this very repetition his curiosity is extinguished."

This all-important curiosity together with standards of excellence in work has atrophied in our educational systems. We have created systems of mass education without providing

the tools for good education and at the expense of the really talented. Suddenly there is a demand for more science in education so that we can survive in a world of space ships and nuclear explosions. For the short-range viewpoint this may be adequate, but it dooms the American future if not the future of the whole world. Reputable scientists already tell us that the level of radioactive strontium in Japan is approaching the danger point, and increased fall-out in the Northeastern United States is showing up in soil tests and tests of milk supplies. More frightening, however, is the fact that Russia and the United States have sufficiently powerful weapons to destroy each other. Our Defense Department has admitted to being afraid that an accidental nuclear explosion might start another major war—a war which would end the world. We do not need more scientists to create bigger and better means of self-destruction. Instead we need education for living. This can only come from intellectuals who have vision and wisdom—the teachers, social and political scientists, psychologists, writers, dramatists and artists.

How can we attain this "utopian" goal? First we must elevate intellectual and creative occupations to a place of national importance, with respect and financial remuneration. Next we must support education by doing more than build schools that are architectural show places. We must provide them with the best possible teachers, libraries, laboratories and cultural activities. Students should be made to work, and scholastic environments must be conducive to study. As a part of this we need opportunities for the exceptional child who has been fused into the mass. We must search out talent at early ages and cultivate it, and all students must be encouraged to obtain as much education as they can absorb. In this educational process there should also develop a respect for craftsmanship and work well done. Emphasis on science alone will lead to more powerful means of world destruction. On the other hand, emphasis on the liberal and fine arts holds out hope for survival and a better world.

It is time for Americans to realize that we are not the master race. Our international relations have to be conducted with understanding of other peoples and on a basis of equality. The Russians through their propaganda have made Americans appear conceited and materialistic. We can only achieve world democracy by helping other nations to raise their economic standards, by sharing our cultural achievements and by proving Russian propaganda to be false. We need a vigorous program of international exchange of cultural leaders, and it must be administered with modesty.

If we are to survive as a nation and a culture, we must champion peace and universal disarmament and develop a foreign policy that adequately represents our country. Our intellectual and creative talents have to be recognized and developed. This is the hope for survival and a civilized way of life. The alternative is world destruction in a push-button war that will make the hells of Bosch seem like paradise.

—J.M.

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BOOKS

Ben Shahn: His Graphic Art. Text by James Thrall Soby. George Braziller, Inc. \$10.00.

The Shape of Content by Ben Shahn. Harvard University Press. \$4.00.

If Ben Shahn is often an irritating artist, it may be exactly what he desires: *épater l'avant-garde* is for him, he says, an attractive impulse. But, is the *avant-garde* sufficiently astounded or shocked? I think not—because, in Shahn's practice, this inverted battle-cry comes to mean, finally, the use of the discoveries of advanced art for purposes other than the original ones. He thought the cry signified his simplicity when the *avant-garde* was being complex, but his work shows that it results in the restriction of insight, the modern "look" without the actuality, the use of a modern line without the ambitions of that line. Shahn has become a master of the limited distortion; that is, he uses distortion as an end in itself, not as a means of realizing a new conception of the picture, of space. Shahn has always been deeply involved in the problem of art's expressive content, and, as in the title of his Norton lectures, he views form as "the shape of content." Forms implement a goal; they undergo only those developments which may be essential to such "shaping." In this sense, *épater l'avant-garde* expresses Shahn's lack of interest in the plastic life of forms which has been for so long the preoccupation of the *avant-garde*.

Shahn's graphic work, handsomely presented in James Thrall Soby's book, provides some interesting illustrations of the way he restricts and isolates certain aspects of the modern vision. His line is intended to be loose, smoothly awkward, variable; he likes the convention of oversized heads, curiously misshapen and expressive hands, painfully expressive bodies, of arms, shoulders and legs tenderly grotesque. His early training as a lithographer shows itself in the signature of his work, the emblems of nose, eyes, mouth, the juxtaposition of linear elements. Shahn is sometimes an acute observer, but not consistently so, and what he wants to do with his line will overpower his observation. In a drawing of Freud, for example, the figure looks like Chaim Weizmann, and the conscious carelessness of lines describing the body achieves only a muddled, tentative effect. The head, insistently oversized, cannot sit in any right way on the pinched body; the clasped hands are willed into their shape. A drawing of Oppenheimer, through an equally peremptory distortion, presents the sitter as a rachitic maniac. A drawing of Sacco and Vanzetti makes them look like puppets—surely a result at variance with Shahn's profound involvement in their tragedy, but inevitable when distortion is both automatic and imposed. In other examples there may be areas of real vision, which are then "padded," or are not brought to completion, as in *Susanna and the Elders*, or the color plate of a boy with a triple ice-cream cone. The barely sketched relation between nose and mouth sometimes evokes Shahn's acute observation—as in *College Reunion*, with three men singing, or in a drawing of a violinist; but the insight is not enough to make more than a particularly successful "Ben Shahn drawing."

In the Norton lectures, delivered last spring

at Harvard, Shahn considers the place of art and the artist in the university, esthetic values, nonconformity in art, form and content, and the kinds of academic or other training and experience proper for the artist. In one of the lectures he presents an interesting reconstruction of his career—from French influence to Social Realism to personal realism—and an investigation of certain conscious impulses behind his picture *Allegory*. His style is hortatory, expressive, even inspirational, rather than expository. Highly conscious of his academic audience, he speaks for creativity, originality, nonconformity; he praises modern art, and exalts the loneliness of inspiration, the inevitability of the artist's alienation. Although he expresses numerous pieties about nonconformity (it is "the basic precondition of art," a society which tolerates it will also display originality in art, etc.), Shahn cannot seem to defend or sympathize with—or, again, even reject—the most striking recent example of nonconformity in art, that is, the Abstract Expressionist style. Given Shahn's views, the methods and intentions of this style should certainly be considered as "nonconformist" as he could desire, especially if one recalls the strength of Cubist, Surrealist and Social Realist standards which prevailed at the time Abstract Expressionist painting developed. Shahn, however, thinks otherwise; he calls it the very type of conformity in modern art; his references to it are respectful but pejorative, although his concern with it seems intense. (There is an implicit assumption that he himself, in *not* painting this way, is being a nonconformist.) He has little interest in any of the *problems* of Abstract Expressionist art, or in the reasons for its emergence, just as in his discussion of nonconformity he speaks as if great art were produced by nonconformists rather than by great artists. I am surprised too to see a painter take with such heavy seriousness all the ideas of biomorphic, geometric and quasi-metaphysical interpretation, reacting so much in terms of ideology rather than art. Shahn seems to think Abstract Expressionism is about squares, circles, spirals and surface, with the interpretation added; that, "content-less," it never courts those dangers of nonconformity to which "idea painting" is exposed. This point of view comes as a surprise, after all the noble, exhilarating statements about the unity, indeed the indivisibility, of form and content.

No contemporary candidates or styles are advanced for the nonconformity Shahn so urgently counsels. But surely it is not enough that an artist be disliked by Congressman Dondero, or by patriotic groups in Texas! One example offered is absurd. It is the story of three workmen with wheelbarrows in medieval France. When asked by a traveler what they are doing, the first two give perfunctory answers about working to earn money and support their families, but the third says he is building Chartres Cathedral. The piety with which Shahn tells this story indicates how it is to be taken. But suppose that the scene and time were changed, and the third workman said he was building the Pyramids?

SONYA RUDIKOFF



HENRY MOORE "Figure on Steps"
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BOOKS

The Collective Dream in Art by Walter Abell
Harvard University Press. \$7.50.

THE EXTENT to which conceptions of natural science have invaded the humanities may be seen in this painstakingly organized book, in which the late art historian, Professor Walter Abell, argues in very precise academic language for his "psycho-historical theory of culture." Noting the vast funds of factual detail accumulated by art historians, Abell has set himself the task of achieving "broader generalizations." His theory aims (1) to synthesize the various competing approaches to the study of art, correlating these with psychology and the social sciences, and with this expanded critical outlook (2) to interpret visual art and other cultural achievements as symbolic revelations of the dream life of societies, the state of whose collective mentality is inescapably bound to the material circumstances of collective existence.

Abell arrives at his psycho-historical theory by giving a Freudian-Jungian twist to a predominantly Marxist view of history. Broadly pervasive historical circumstances are seen to be productive of collective psychological tensions. "These tensions stimulate our imagination to form images embodying their emotional essence." What Abell calls the *tension-imagery process* "is the dynamic agency behind both individual fantasies and forms of cultural expression." On a supra-personal level the imagery of myth, art and religious fable is to societies what Freud's "manifest imagery" of dreams and daydreams is to individuals. Underlying the relationship of collective historical circumstances to collective psychic states and behind the action of the latter as they find symbolic expression in cultural tension imagery, "demonstrable laws" will eventually be discerned, Abell hopes. Rationalists will not be pleased to find that in this scheme of things philosophy is supposed to be no less free than myth, art and religion of the largely unconscious collective psychic impulse generated by fortunate or unfortunate socio-economic conditions.

Taking medieval Western culture as a historical specimen, Abell puts his theory to a practical test. Starting with the enigmatic grotesques of the Gothic cathedrals, his investigation of monster and monster-versus-hero themes leads him back past Gothic demons, Romanesque beasts and grim Dark Age folklore, to an imaginative reconstruction of the lost neolithic and bronze-age backgrounds of medieval culture in northwestern Europe. An amazingly neat pattern emerges from Professor Abell's investigations. Monster myths and an abstract style in art are characteristic of neolithic times because this period suffered from negative psychological tensions of insecurity and anxiety in consequence of the painful and precarious transition from a hunting to an agrarian economy. The rise of mythical heroes and the archaic style of the Dark Ages reflect a balance of tensions, some fearful, some confident and hopeful. This is the heroic period of struggle to improve and refine agricultural techniques. Transcendent heroes (Christ and the saints), heel-trodden demons and marginal grotesques, and the near-realistic style of the High Gothic thirteenth century issue from positive collective tensions of triumph and fulfillment. An efficient economy has been established together with a reasonably just distribution of benefits among all classes of society.

Broadening the picture a bit, Abell advances the thesis that humanity enjoyed good times in the Old Stone Age, passed through a long period of crisis and uncertainty during the New Stone Age, slowly recovered on a new economic base, which in Western Europe sustained the cultural climax of the late Middle Ages. Since then the Industrial Revolution has thrown us into a new crisis of economic transition. Hence modern art and neolithic art, both products of an age of crisis, share a tendency toward abstraction, this being symptomatic of a psychic state so negative that the monsters evoked by the tension-imagery process are repressed.

The artist? "The greatest painters of any age are those with the deepest apprehension of the gathering psychic atmosphere of their time and the highest imaginative capacity to condense that atmosphere into visual form." In Abell's view, the artist is supremely the hour's man. "His task is not so much to fill his mind with the ideas of his time as to help fill his time with the ideas implicit in its cultural destiny." Since the shape of these ideas depends ultimately upon the particular position of a society within its "cultural orbit," the art historian who can chart the orbit of his own society may hope to foresee its future positions "which, in their general nature, can be known." "These issues are not new to the history of thought. . . . They have assumed major importance to some of our most influential recent writers like Spengler, Sorokin, and Toynbee, presumably because of widespread anxiety concerning the historical destiny in store for us." The wary reader of this scholarly and generally interesting book will want to consider how much Abell's bias toward collectivism and determinism is based on sound historical diagnosis and how much it is another symptom of today's "negative collective tensions."

CHARLES S. KESSLER

Mexican Painting in Our Time by Bernard S. Myers. Oxford University Press. \$15.00.

TO MANY people in Europe and North America twenty years ago, the painting of Mexico seemed full of life and promise. In that turbulent country, rising to self-consciousness after years of revolution and civil war, an amazing vitality emerged from the urge of its artists to express their radical ideals through experimental uses of technique and subject matter. It seemed possible that here at last, freed from too dogmatic an ideological framework, there might appear a socially conscious art which would have a profound and lasting international influence.

In the event, the influence of Mexican painting outside its own country has been for the most part impermanent, and the interest it formerly inspired has declined steadily in recent years. Partly this is due to a general retreat in Western Europe and the United States from that passionate concern with social problems which dominated all the internationally celebrated Mexican painters except Tamayo. Partly it is due to a change in taste which rejects the grandiosity and the vehemence of a painter like, for example, Siqueiros. But partly also it is due to the lack of any real recent development in Mexican painting itself. The achievements of Orozco

and Rivera and Siqueiros were in fact a fulfillment rather than a promise; by the time Orozco completed his great Guadalajara murals during the 1940's the social agonies of Mexico were exhausted as both motive and subject, and one of the disappointing facts about current Mexican painting is that so many of its practitioners continue in the vein of nationalist radicalism without having anything new to say.

This is not to suggest that all modern Mexican painters are watered-down versions of Rivera and Siqueiros. The names of Rufino Tamayo and Carlos Mérida are enough to show that there are at least some artists who have found individual styles considerably removed from the Mexicanist movement as such. Yet the nationalism of the past quarter-century has in the long run had an ossifying effect, both by inducing a sustained break with international movements in the plastic arts and by creating a kind of nationalist academicism which still dominates public taste—and which governs the granting of the mural commissions that still play so great a part in the work of painters in Mexico.

In brief, then, the history of modern Mexican painting might be described as a vigorous past of socially conscious work, followed by a static present—extending from the mid-1940's—during which a minority of original painters are abandoning the "movement" and seeking individual and nonsocial forms of expression. From the viewpoint of the critic, it is a time for a reassessment, and this is what Dr. Bernard Myers has given us in *Mexican Painting in Our Time*.

One of the virtues of the book is that Dr. Myers tries to approach the Mexican painters of the revolutionist era on their own ground. He sketches fully the background of social disorder, internecine war, hopes sustained and betrayed, without which it is impossible to understand the long progress of the revolutionist movement in painting, beginning with that eccentric genius Dr. Atl almost half a century ago, continuing through the famous trio of Rivera, Orozco and Siqueiros, and still finding an expression in the work of such younger artists as Castro Pacheco and Anguiano. He shows how this background projected itself into the thoughts and the painting of these men, and how each found the peculiar variant on the general theme that suited his talents and his weaknesses. Similarly, he gives full stress to the preoccupation of the Mexicans with novelties of technique, with the modifications of method inevitably brought about by the emphasis on murals, the search for new materials, and the experiments in perspective by means of which Siqueiros in particular sought to turn his painting into an art that would catch the eye of the public as effectively as the loud-speaker in the plaza would catch its ear.

On such matters as these Dr. Myers is adequately informed and informative. It is when he comes to consider the works of the Mexican painters outside their technical and social frames that his approach is less satisfying, and only occasionally does he present a convincing assessment of an artist's work in esthetic terms. Always he is the able scholar; rarely the perceptive critic. He gives us endless detailed descriptions of murals and easel works, discussing shapes, sizes, situations, colors, materials, messages and motives, but hardly ever does he show that flash of insight into the picture as a whole which re-

continued on page 69



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"A Return to Painting" proclaimed by the new Galerie Hautefeuille . . . Max Ernst surprises the critics . . . classic portraits at the Orangerie . . . Tobey at the Stadler Gallery . . . a memorial exhibition for Van Rysselberghe . . . the exquisite Pougny retrospective . . .

BY ANNETTE MICHELSON

HERE is an odd thing: M. Michel Ragon, of all people, lamenting, in a recent issue of *Cinéma*, the proliferating abundance of galleries now devoted to abstract art. One by one, the bakers and cobblers of the Sixth Arrondissement are disappearing. From the Rue du Bac through the Boulevard Saint-Michel, the artisans are selling their small shops and alarm is growing. How long can the butchers and café owners hold out, and is M. Ragon's *avant-garde* about to jell into a mere local institution? Things have moved so quickly these last years that he now looks back to an earlier, golden age: 1952, for instance, when the militant's posture had not yet frozen into an attitude, when the vocabulary of abstraction was alive and evolving, when its dialects had not yet begun to decline into dusty *patois*, when "art *autre*" and its public had an odor of freshness.

Surely M. Ragon must have sighed at the announcement of the opening of Mme Hélène Régis' new Galerie Hautefeuille. There is, of course, a sense in which a new gallery becomes, almost instantaneously and automatically, as much a

matter for concern as for joy. M. Frank Elgar's opening manifesto, however, proposed an attempt to rescue from the muddle of pretentious amateurism (in painting) and specious rationalization (in criticism) now prevalent, certain painterly values: temperance and severity, probity, and a kind of artisanal chastity of spirit and style. The gallery has chosen to play a role, to turn a selective and censorial eye on the current scene. It is a pity, then, that Mme Régis seems to have contented herself, for the moment, with an opening *accrochage* of such moderate, respectable interest. There is a panoply of virtues—only intermittently incarnate: the sobriety of Beaudin, the modesty of Geer van Velde, the application of Montanier, and none of them quite at his best.

The idea of "A Return to Painting" however (for that was Mme Régis and M. Elgar's joint proposition), vague as it is, has the resonance of any number of attractive possibilities, separate or combined, and the phrase echoed in my ear these last three weeks or so, though more infrequently at the Hautefeuille than at Creuzevault's,

where Max Ernst is exhibiting thirty-five canvases and some sculpture.

THE Ernst exhibition came as a shock to me and, I imagine, to others as well. It revealed a reawakened or quite unexpected plastic sensibility and power, a fusion, in almost every work, of image and idea in what can properly be called painting, and not imagery. Apart from two or three canvases (*What Kind of Bird Are You?* is one of these) in which the influence of Klee remains astonishingly, ingenuously raw, heavy and unassimilated, apart from one large and one small canvas which incongruously (now) continue to work the Boecklin vein, this show is full of surprises. There is, to begin with, a concern with spatial problems of all kinds, a careful consideration of the relation of masses and of planes to each other, and, as painted surfaces, to the plane of the canvas and to the frame. Objects are fragmented into small, luminous planes which spread out into a complex articulation of the canvas surface, now identical, as rarely before in Ernst's work, with the object of his interest. We get, therefore, not the theatrical, scenic space, characteristic of Surrealist painting, which receives the object, not the work which records the presence of an object or an image or a meeting of forces, but a space which is increasingly the directly manipulated means of expression of the picture's content.

In *Enseigne pour une Ecole d'Impondérables* the image lies at the heart of a series of inter-involved polyhedrons, disposed at beautifully related angles to each other and to the canvas. In this work, as in another canvas entitled *Deux Impondérables*, we get the fragmentation of the object and consequently of the canvas' surface through the use of subtly shifting planes ranging between roseate and bluish whites. But in the *Enseigne pour une Ecole de Mouettes*, the birds have flown, leaving behind the suggestion of flight and flutter, the vibration of air with the beating of wings in an all-over movement of small blue and white areas. Again, in *Trente-trois Fillettes Partant pour la Chasse aux Papillons Blancs*, not the object but the presence of the object in movement is evoked in a rhythm of small juxtaposed surfaces (blues, whites, reds, greens). Iconography has resigned in favor of plasticity, and I think we are all the happier for it.

AMONG the large, official exhibitions this month the group of eighteenth-century French portraits at the Orangerie charmed one with the murmur of intelligence that seemed to come from the gallery walls, from those shrewd eyes and smiling mouths, tensed in a perpetual wakefulness of the spirit. But the show was disappointing on the whole: the Watteau not quite first-rate, the Lépicié uncharacteristic and trivial. What should have been a brilliant and chastening affair failed, leading one away from painting into history (the terrifying elegance of Saint-Just!), back again with the several Chardins, including the group of pastels from the cellars of the Louvre, and, finally, away again with Vigée-Lebrun and very bad Bouchers.

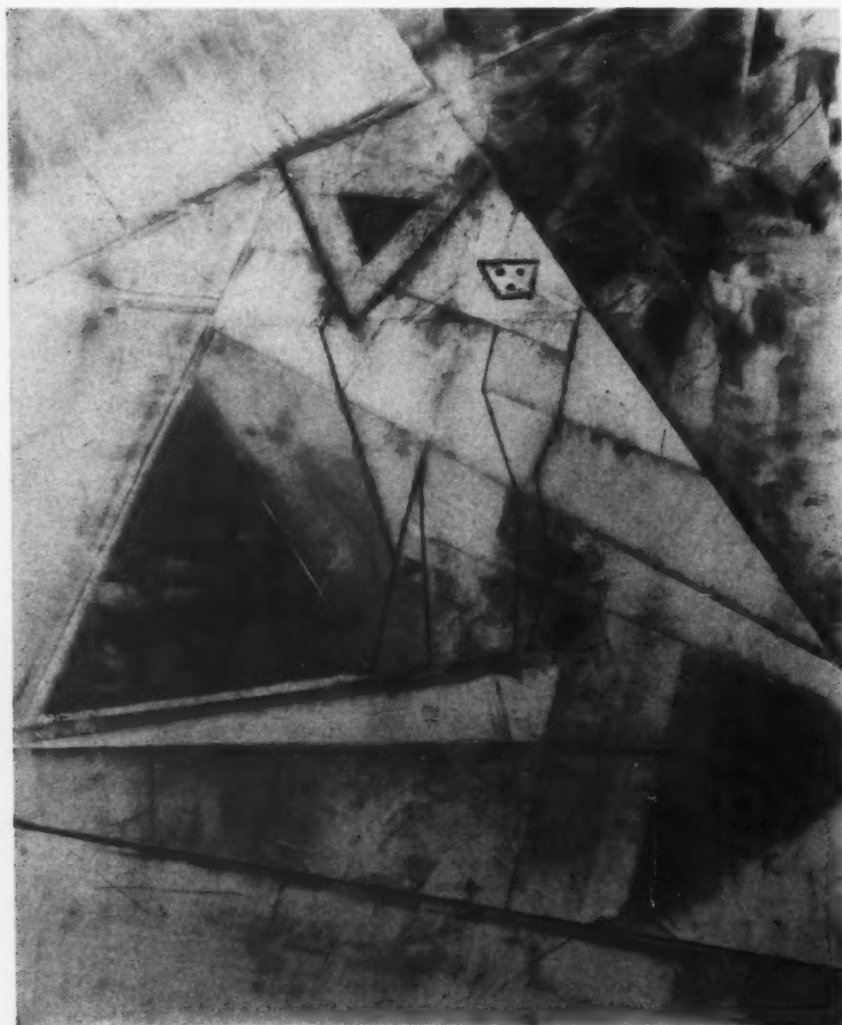
The large and exquisite Pougny retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, however, has with a kind of sunny assurance all but diverted general and critical attention from the Orangerie and the private galleries. We have had, it is true, ten Tobeyes on exhibition at the Stadler Gallery, but their extremely special character (they are not unrelated to the group of Sumi inks exhibited in New York and reviewed in the December issue of ARTS) and the fact that they were shown out of context and without commentary led, I believe, to considerable confusion about these black-and-whites. The reactions were indifference, disappointment (M. Favre of *Combat* found they brought nothing new to one familiar with the calligraphic gestures of Degottex) and, worst of all, a kind of vague, inexplicit and pious ap-

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Max Ernst, *DEUX IMPONDERABLES* (1957); at Creuzevault.





Pouigny, MODELE (1953); at Musée d'Art Moderne.

proval, with Mme Choay of *France-Observateur* leading, as usual, the chorus of entirely well-meaning consent.

THERE have also been a number of memorial exhibitions. The *Maison de la Pensée Française* has been celebrating the centenary of Maximilien Luce, and the *Galerie Thérèse* (known also as "La Main Gauche") has organized a show in memory of Théo van Rysselberghe; it is a neat and sinister demonstration of what happens to a theory or a style in the hands of a humble admirer. Van Rysselberghe's importation of *pointillisme* into Flanders was enough to kill it outright. The earnest and deadly application of this heavy hand is stifling in the series of portraits (many of them commissioned by the Schlumberger family and lent by them for this show), and one turned for relief to some charcoal sketches, vigorous and affectionate portraits of Verhaeren, Fénéon and Henri Ghéon. The successive sketches of Gide, with whom, as we know, his ties were strong, are far less successful, and a bronze bust, in which the passages from one feature to another, from ear to jawbone, from neck to breast, are consistently missed and faked, is catastrophic. That "Return to Painting" meant, then, returning to the Museum of Modern Art.

THE 160 canvases, gouaches and drawings hanging there in ritual commemoration of Jean Pouigny's death one year ago retrace a long career. It was, of course, a strange career, and its lesson, if any, is enigmatic. Consider Pouigny's youth in the atmosphere of strategy and bravado of pre-revolutionary Saint Petersburg. In meetings, battles and manifestoes, Pouigny played the mediator between Malevich and Tatlin, himself oscillating between Constructivism and Suprematism, attracted by Futurism. In that fiercely ideological atmosphere in which canvases and whole exhibitions were conceived with the furious and doctrinaire precision of time bombs, constructed to explode a given objective at a given moment, Pouigny participated in a general cultural campaign supported from the rear by Mayakovsky, Burliuk, Chlebnikoff. Those were the days when exhibitions were entitled "O.10" or "Tramway W." Pouigny's leap from Constructivism to Suprematism to Futurism, his arrival in Berlin in 1920, his contacts with the Expressionists and the Bauhaus, with Der Sturm, his removal to Paris and the direct influence of Léger, Marcoussis and Severini, bespeak a breathlessly rapid odyssey, like a young, provincial in-

tellectual's anxious promenade from one Saint-Germain-des-Près café to another.

About 1923, Pouigny began to paint still lifes. The earliest ones now on view reveal the very remote origins of the Pouigny we know. They are proper canvases, no more than that and sometimes less, a bit vague and timid in both color and drawing, ambiguously constructed, generally slack. Pouigny begins around 1930 to feel his way to a style, to something of his own, and the transition is marked, I think, by *La Rue*, which is dated 1930-32. This style is sufficiently his own, sufficiently authentic and successful to answer any questions as to its ultimate importance. Pouigny does not, of course, alter the course of history, nor carry it very far forward, but he learned to "fabricate" sheer delight.

What had happened since Berlin and Saint Petersburg? It is as though the youthful intellectual debauch had suddenly come to an end in an act of self-perception, a realization of limits, and a decision to forsake company that was a bit too fast for him and settle down. Why the effect was not as catastrophic for Pouigny as it was for Di Chirico or Derain remains an open question. I think myself it was partly because instead of retracing his steps or retracing history, he narrowed his field and concentrated on developing techniques that would solve specific *coloristic* problems.

This involved a reduction of the size of the canvas so as to conform to and exploit the essentially Intimist quality of what he now realized to be his sensibility. It involved also the crackling and crushing of the canvas itself in order to facilitate and vary the absorptive powers of its surface; it involved, as well, the development of a new and subtle palette. It meant, above all, a complete reorientation toward nature, an eventual assimilation of the human figure to the object and the object to the flat, colored stroke of the brush. The comparison of Pouigny and Vuillard is inevitable and certainly more obvious than his relationship to Vallotton, but like them both and perhaps more so than either, he had a pure and resolute conception of nature, and of man's place in nature, as organized on the basis of a universal visual parity. This is a primary asset for any painter; in Pouigny's case it facilitated a keenly caricatural style, whose distortions were tempered or corrected in the interests of design. The result was an airtight, under-a-glass-bell world, wholly interior: beaches and parks without sun, water or air, but composed with increasing ease and consummate charm.

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REPORT FROM COPENHAGEN

"The Gauguin of the Movie Is Not My Father"

BY VERNON YOUNG

PAUL GAUGUIN was here. Not for long, not contentedly, and to no influential purpose. (To be imitated is not necessarily to be understood.) But to the circumstance that he *was* here (1884-85), and married to a Danish woman, Copenhagen owes the presence of a dozen or more of his paintings in its museums. The better part of these were once owned by "Frau Mette," who sold them in course of time to a private collector, who in his turn put them at the disposal of a public whose fathers had been so scandalized by the Breton in 1888 that the exhibition had to be closed. As a whole, these paintings are the most distinguished in any modern sequence exhibited here: they represent a Gauguin who was still mainly an Impressionist, it's true, in the manner we associate more readily with Pissarro or Monet, but they supply, to balance the exoticism normally attributed to him, consummate evidence of his innate purity of taste, of a refinement which, as reported by so many, he would seem to have steadfastly contradicted by the vehemence of his opinions and by the ruthless quest for sensation that led him to those social and geographical peripheries so overlaid now with fictional puerility it is almost impossible to salvage truth from bad poetry. On this subject, Paul Gauguin's son Jean, a sculptor and ceramist (one of three Gauguins who live modestly in Copenhagen), recently delivered himself, when the much-touted film *Lust for Life* was shown here (with no such degree of box-office intake as it has had in the U.S.).

One of the leading newspapers, *Berlingske Aftenavis*, published a composite interview, derived from statements made both by Jean and his son, Paul, entitled "The Gauguin of the Movie Is Not My Father." Taking off from Anthony Quinn's attempt at external characterization, the Gauguins protested that the painter himself was first of all at least three inches shorter than the actor, and was, furthermore, "a small, tidy neat-looking man, very serious, very proud of his beautiful hands, temperamental, intellectual—not at all the big hulk of a man the movie makes of him, and with none of the flashiness displayed there." Almost everything that has been written of his father, Jean expatiated, evidently with resignation, has misrepresented him radically. So tired has Jean become of trying to repudiate the myth, he is now convinced that the public should live with it, undisturbed. Both Irving Stone's book, as well as the film based on it, are as far from reality, by Jean's account, as Somerset Maugham's novel, which was instrumental in establishing the blurred views of Gauguin to which three generations have been submitted. "Read Gauguin's own diary" [*Avant et Après*], Jean urged in conclusion, "which I personally translated" [into Danish].

AND if Jean Gauguin can insist that the interested bystander read his father's diary, one might risk the suggestion that contemporary Danish artists look again more closely at his father's paintings; for from Gauguin's day to the present the modern movement, insofar as it has come from Paris, has been but superficially grasped in Denmark. That Gauguin was neither understood nor appreciated during his brief residence here is not surprising; he fared little better in France. Johan Rohde and Theodor Phillipsen were his only enthusiastic supporters here at the time. In 1882 Rohde, in opposition to the Salon, founded the Free Art School, and in 1888 intro-

duced Copenhagen to Delacroix, Courbet, Manet, Monet, Sisley and to many minor Impressionists. Phillipsen, who had given up farming for painting, had already, in 1876, become intensely interested in Manet, probably encouraged by Anton Melbye, a Dane in Paris, and the first regular instructor of Pissarro (a Danish subject, incidentally, by virtue of his birth in the West Indies). But to introduce Impressionism as a mode and to assimilate it are two different matters. Phillipsen's own Impressionist painting bears a similar relationship to French Impressionism as that of Maurice Prendergast; it is imported rather than redigested. From the eighties on, a succession of Danish painters has skimmed the effects from Impressionism, from Symbolism, from Expressionism tepidly suggesting Van Gogh and Vlaminck, and from geometric Non-Objectivism, a dead letter everywhere else but the persisting *avant-garde* manner here today. Inevitably, there is a small *super-avant-garde*, innocently asserting itself as the latest word,

Paul Gauguin, WOMAN SEWING; courtesy State Museum, Copenhagen.





Henrik Madsen, VIEW OF COPENHAGEN.

with carbon-copy versions of one or the other leading Abstract Expressionist painters, unrefreshed by any native contribution.

With every wish to be as generous as possible, a foreign critic who visits and scrutinizes the leading museums and galleries of Copenhagen, dutifully following every clue to the existence of "the really vital Danish painters" to whom, it is believed, he has not yet been exposed, will be forced to conclude that Denmark, for reasons probably too complex to be summarized glibly, has never consented, artwise, to enter the modern world. To flatter the Danes by agreeing with their modern art histories, which necessarily manipulate small distinctions into large shifts of influence and awareness, would be false to the picture-at-large which the outsider is bound to compose: one painter after another, of the last sixty years, has adopted from the outside, so to speak, a phase of the international art movements, with no organic regional compulsion for employing the phase. In four contemporary exhibitions here recently, which I have good reason for believing to be, each in its own way, representative, there were few painters safely beyond the classification of amateur. The sole American on display, Clifford Wright, who paints abstract fantasy, was the only artist showing any degree of sophistication. Among the numerous Danes, Henrik Madsen, a painter in the style of Marquet—he would, I'm sure, be dismissed here by those who believe you're a valuable progressive even if you paint a poor approximation of Mondrian or Soulages (sometimes it's difficult to recognize the goal of their emulations)—Madsen, for all that he dares nothing by keeping to a safely bygone

Parisian manner, was the one painter among scores who seemed to show any notion of the delicate interplay of values so indispensable for anyone painting yet another treatment of Danish land- and harbor-scape. What really surprises one most, I think, is not the extent to which landscape art is practiced, but with what absence of creative observation, with what indifference toward the special atmospheric qualities of Copenhagen and of the countryside (such as I've briefly seen): miracles of subtlety in the minor keys, the subtlest landscape I think I've ever seen. Madsen has at least been able to convey, with fragile plastic interest, the surreptitious crawl of pale light between water and sky, which he renders as a sort of mauve twilight sliding into sage green. In the more recklessly abstracted landscapes that one sees here by the dozen, there is an abiding failure to discriminate hues and, above all, to handle the sheer facture of painting with any sensuous result.

BESIDES Gauguin, Thorvald Niss (1842-1905) is the single predecessor in modern times whom it might be profitable for today's painters to research. (I've found no one here to share my opinion.) Not a major painter but a satisfyingly vigorous one, Niss deserves longer parentheses than he has received in the Danish critiques (the single Danish art history in English doesn't mention him). It's quite possible that Niss saw and was provoked by the paintings of Van Gogh, which were shown to Copenhagen as early as 1893 by Rohde, together with a number of Gauguins which moved the public as little as they had done a decade previously. This time a greater im-

REPORT FROM COPENHAGEN



Thorvald Niss, GHOST OF THE DROWNED ONE; courtesy Skagens Museum.



Fresco, Oerreslev Church, Denmark.



Jens Juel, PORTRAIT OF A HOLSTEIN GIRL; State Museum, Copenhagen.

pression was made on the local artists, and the work of Niss, up to then undistinguished, if it patently reveals the sudden foreign influence, does so through a markedly personal assimilation. Niss adopted neither Van Gogh's charged colors nor his frenetic crystallization of forms. Rather, and especially in the seascapes painted between 1895 and 1901, it's the rough-hewn surfaces that suggest the Dutchman's influence, executed with a variety of brush strokes—short stubby ones and long flaming ones—with which Niss achieved combative levels of force and gave to his wallowing boats and cascading water a conjunctive tension. The composition represented here is not one of his strongest, but it shows the bold sketchiness of his attack, his puddled light and something essential of his seagirt prepossessions. (The legendary subject tells of a drowned man's ghost which returns periodically to drag others back into the depths with him.)

By deserting the romantic, instinctual layer of the Danish heritage, those who follow Paris or intellectual Germany in modern times have believed they were acquiring a more rational, up-to-date address. Unfortunately their decision has been mainly of the will alone. In the work of such recent Neo-Romantics as Kai Estrup, Edvard Weie, Jens Sondergaard and Olaf Host (whether they've separately been impelled by Fauvism, by Munch or by a nature mysticism of their own), one sees a style which more than any other can be termed native, even when it emerges as but an evasion of mastering the real problems of painting by the creation of dim phantoms. (Jack Kamperman, an Englishman Danish-trained, now living on the Faroe Islands, may, if his latest paintings are the foundations of a strong, moody landscape architecture, as they imply, succeed in breaking the diffidence with which art in Denmark has been enthralled.) There is a strange continuity, broken yet subterranean, that seems to link many Danish painters of the last 150 years with the omnipresent fanciful sculpture, the ghost stories of the hinterland (from Jutland, especially) and even, by a metaphysical leap, with those numerous medieval frescoes in the country's chapels which, since the sixteenth century, no one had seen until little more than fifteen years ago: executed between 1100 and 1500, roughly, they were whitewashed over during the Reformation period.

THE restoration of the chapel frescoes to the filtered light of day (regrettably a damaging factor, as well as a resurrection, in many cases) has been a creditable feat of local archeology, sustained largely by the energetic R. Broby-Johansen, a skillful and enormously enthusiastic man, as big as a Viking—but infinitely more humorous, one imagines. Under his guidance, over a hundred frescoes have been relieved of their wafered sepulchres to present a startling array of styles and proficiencies. A short film was produced a few years ago, doing scant justice to the subject, but Broby-Johansen published a copiously illustrated book as far back as 1948, *Den Danske Billedbibel i Kalkmalerier*. Many of these frescoes were designed with a linear finesse reminiscent of Luca Signorelli: many were crudely applied or naïvely conceived. Collectively, they disclose a curious Northern hoard of devotional art into which Byzantine, French and Italian influences entered, together with macabre, and sometimes obscene, folk references. Two examples span the total period, being the earliest and one of the latest in date. Everywhere, the fresco colors have faded considerably. In the Byzantine-style Abel (reproduced on opposite page), the main surfaces are now soft green and pink, the rectangle is blue, the border of the himation is a brick-brown, probably once a vivid red. A superbly drafted devil has, it should be noted, two eyes on one side of his face; one foot has a peasant's wooden shoe, the other is a bird's claw, and the leg is supported by a crutch, attributed to him in peasant lore as a consequence of his going to and fro in the land, drumming up evil.

Danish chapel frescoes and the paintings of Nicolai Abraham Abildgaard of the late eighteenth century may seem an unwarranted coupling, but since there were hosts of dragons and



Nicolai Abildgaard, MALVINA MOURNING THE DEAD OSSIAN; courtesy National Museum, Stockholm.



Above: **Vilhelm Kyhn**, VIEW OF RY. Below: **Christen Dalsgaard**, VIEW OF LIMFJORDEN. Both courtesy State Museum, Copenhagen.



REPORT FROM COPENHAGEN

demons perpetrated by the Danish imagination in the centuries between (in sculpture, principally), it should not be amazing that Abildgaard, at the threshold of significant Danish painting, had a strong flair for the bizarre, which he evidently stifled in favor of the architectural pursuits (as a professor he taught architectural drawing to the German Romantic, Caspar David Friedrich) and the high-life portraits by which, at different stages of his career, he made his living. However, it is the treatment of literary fantasy which has kept his name alive in art, as a curiosity, if little else. His subjects, derived from the plays of Holberg and from such anomalies as *The Wanderings of Ossian*, provided him with subterfuges for expressing his basically dream-world talent, and there is little doubt that his association with the Swiss-English Fuseli in Rome had a durable effect on him. The enterprising Swedes have acquired perhaps his best painting, *Malvina Mourning the Dead Ossian* (National Museum, Stockholm). Certainly it's less of an illustration than most of his paintings in Copenhagen. The photo gives little sense of the somber graduations of color which modified his attempts at a composition in the grand style (it's not a large painting). Malvina's dress is a muted yellow and the picture is suffused with lunar-green lights and shadows. The dolphin curves would be more reminiscent of Blake if the whole scene were not so clearly sculptured into deep space and if the anatomies were not so realistically differentiated.

INTRINSICALLY Danish painting, predominantly landscape, begins with Jens Juel (1745-1802), a contemporary of Abildgaard whose few nature paintings, heavily motivated by the examples of Rubens and of Van der Neer, caught the attention of a discontented Norwegian, J. C. Dahl, who thereafter developed a style of *plein-air* that in turn affected and was improved upon by a group of Danish painters in the first half of the nineteenth century. Juel is best known as a painter of fashionable (and often fatuous-looking) men and women from court circles whom, with cynical deference, he treated to sumptuous surfaces and saccharine blushes. His *Portrait of a Holstein Girl* is among his more sincere achievements, painted with controlled affection and a penetrating regard for the inner character reflected in the resolute pensiveness of the girl's features. The painting comes alive by a princely balancing of textures and expressiveness, and by the warm luminosity with which Juel subtly endowed the somewhat bald face. No one in Denmark (except Gauguin) seems to have painted a beautiful woman since—perhaps it would be better to say that no one since has painted a woman as beautifully.

The landscapists thereafter redeemed whatever sensuousness the age could boast in painting, and in every case a handful of potential mastery was overwhelmed by dozens of "views" memorializing the Flemish genre, but leached of opalescence. To what extent J. C. Dahl was a fruitful mentor is a subtle matter to decide. His own paintings were quite provincial in their literalism, but he may have been responsible for the concentration of masses, in the centers of the scenes, one finds so often in the period, built up patiently with a small loaded brush, and he may well be given the credit for opening up Vilhm Kyhn's cramped little scenic studies. Kyhn was a cautious academician; all too rarely he painted a subject not for its own sake but as an exercise in topographical character, given simplicity and an implication of vast loneliness by a sheet of nacreous sky or a lone vertical sail against a desolate shoreline. His *View of Ry* (1891) temporizes between the photograph and the brush-concealed Flemish style which he had earlier despised. Dahl himself improved after taking up residence in Dresden: there's a painting of his in Hamburg of two Copenhagen towers punctuating a wide sky, an unconventional painting for the 1830's, especially since it *was* a painting, not a sketch for one. Meanwhile, the stimulation he had given Denmark's painters during his visit there in 1813 appreciably enlarged their sense of local possibilities. Christen Kobke, Dankvart Dreyer, P. C. Skovgaard and Kyhn overlapped each other in the century, between them establishing and virtually

exhausting the reaches of landscape art in Denmark. One of Kobke's loveliest small paintings is in Stockholm, a golden frame of water-reflected trees and houses. Dreyer was moved by him and by the splendid Ruisdaels in Copenhagen to attempt kidney-colored rocks and gloomy tarns, while P. C. Skovgaard, a frustrated mural painter, was also impressed by Ruisdael, managing, in his smaller landscapes, to effect a swamp-bound mysterious gray light, or chalky cliffs opening to the sea; but his skies were rarely convincing.

CHRISTEN DALSGAARD (1824-1907), a drawing master at a public school, painted an interminable number of genre pictures, doing landscapes as background sketches only; yet he had the perception to be struck by the sudden recognition of form in, for instance, the mere intersection of rough wall, heavy lintel and a chair, and once, memorably as a result, by the fugal quality of compacted space, suggested by a spread of cliff with houses on it, a towering sky with gouts of cloud and a coastal strip in the foreground requiring no special definition to give it plastic significance. This *Study of Limfjorden* (1851) was an "oil sketch." Like many of Constable's, it is far more interesting than an elaboration. Small though the picture is, it stands out as more "modern" than anything painted since Niss, and I venture to claim that except for Juel's *Holstein Girl* it's the finest Danish painting of the period in all the official collections I visited. Dalsgaard does not, regrettably, yield many such surprises. A provincial painter (to anyone's knowledge he never left Denmark), he had no example and no encouragement for supposing he could achieve a style by following the path of elemental selection. He reverted to his customary scenes of country life, earning the esteem of posterity for his less valiant productions. Toward the end of the century, mural-size historical subjects, titanic and terrible, became the vogue, and the slight but true achievements of the Romantics were not invoked.

Today the Danish painter who may be compelled by the nocturnal hues and dissolving light-scale of his surround is at a loss how to utilize them, either at a representational level or as a barometer of tones for a more stylized treatment. One guesses that he lacks the requisite imagination for the international style he would prefer to master and lacks the necessary foundation for rendering, in a negotiably contemporary way, the subtleties of his meadows and coasts hinted at by the small masters of the last century. All the elements remain as a challenge, undisturbed by the technology of the welfare state. Summertime unquestionably makes music of a higher pitch, but this autumn I walked by canals that glistened like soft steel-blue armor under the low-level sky. White motorboats passed, gulls banked over a green tug doggedly, but not without grace, going upstream on some distant, pragmatic errand. A leakage of pale gold from the southern horizon picked out, with a feather of light, a man rowing vigorously in a single-seat scull, a host of bicycle wheels revolving in a smudge across a drawbridge, and the entwined dragon tails of copper on top of the Stock Exchange, which no amount of post-card reproduction can rob of glamor. And along the Langelinie—long life, it means (where twelve years ago hostages to the Resistance were shot and left for display on green hummocks around the windmill)—emerald-hooded ducks were weaving herringbones in their watery wake while they drifted, as on cold velvet, between amber-tipped reeds. In a tale by Isak Dinesen, who remains Denmark's greatest painter (her story "Sorrow-Acre," incidentally, may become a film under the direction of Sweden's Alf Sjöberg), the returning prodigal, apostrophizing his ancestral spirit of place, enacts the predicament of the Danish painter:

... it seemed to him that he might speak to the land as to a person, as to the mother of his race. "Is it only my body that you want," he asked her, "while you reject my imagination, energy and emotions? If the world might be brought to acknowledge that the virtue of our name does not belong to the past only, will it give you no satisfaction?" The landscape was so still that he could not tell whether it answered him yes or no.

EDOUARD PIGNON

*A leading figure on the current French scene
has his first one-man exhibition in New York.*

BY MARTICA SAWIN



PLATES COURTESY OF PERLS GALLERIES, NEW YORK

La Colline de Bandol (1957).

ALTHOUGH Edouard Pignon is a northerner by birth and heritage, it is the gentler Mediterranean climate which ultimately nourished the mature flowering of his art. The artist grew up in the coal-mining region near Calais where his family had lived for more than three hundred years. His father was a miner and he himself went down to the mines at the age of fifteen, but his hatred of the darkness soon drove him to seek other work. Perhaps the experience gave impetus to that pursuit of light which is urgently manifest in his sun-drenched landscapes of the last few years. These landscapes, painted for the most part at Sanary in southern France in 1957, constitute the exhibition at the Perls Galleries (March 10-April 12) which formally introduces Pignon to this country. An indication that his painting was developing in a direction which ran counter to that of most of his better-known contemporaries was to be

seen in his large *Olive Tree*, included in the Museum of Modern Art's "New Decade" exhibition two years ago. Now a selection of some two dozen canvases offers an opportunity to assess his work more fully.

At fifty-three Pignon looks back on an apprenticeship of long duration, passed in the web of influences exercised by the titans of the immediately preceding generation. The years spent under the alternating shadows of Léger, Matisse and especially Picasso will not be a topic of discussion here, nor will the subsequent years of gradual liberation, since this earlier work has very little apparent relevance to his mature style. His mural-size canvas of 1952, *L'Ouvrier Mort*, which measures ten by twelve feet, summarizes much of the work of the preceding years, both in its adaptation of semi-Cubist style, and in its subject—for the theme of workers, farmers and fishermen is a recurrent one

EDOUARD PIGNON



Les Paysan (1957).



Vue sur la Méditerranée (1957).



PHOTO OF PIGNON BY MARCO FRITERS-DRUCKER

throughout his career. Also evident in this painting is an inability to resolve the inclination to naturalism with the stylistic means which he had inherited and felt compelled to use.

During the summer of the following year, 1953, Pignon worked at Vallauris with Picasso, whom he had known for many years, executing a large number of ceramics and finding release in the new mode of working—and responding with exuberance to the brilliantly illuminated southern landscape. There followed huge allegorical paintings of nudes and satyrs in undulating landscapes, drastically simplified paintings of figures working in the fields, and studies of the absorbingly complex forms of gnarled olive trees such as the one which appeared in the "New Decade" show. Gradually he frees himself from the pressure of consciously having to invent or adapt forms; as they are suggested to him directly by the subject, he achieves a new spontaneity in the rendering which gives birth to the distinctly personal style of his present work.

THE most striking impression made by the paintings in this exhibition as a totality is that of the intimate connection between the artist and the landscape, a relationship not so much reminiscent of Cézanne's long acquaintance with his mountain as of Soutine's impassioned response to nature's turbulence. Yet while Soutine imbued nature's forms with private agonies, Pignon views them with joy rather than suffering, and with a

painter's delight in the profusion of colors and forms. He also brings to his work a habit of observation which, while giving him a grasp of the essential qualities of his subject, is sufficiently penetrating to eliminate the necessity of his being nature's copyist. It is an observation that permits him to eliminate unnecessary pictorial detail and to improvise freely. At the same time it enables him to convey essences of light and structure which are firmly rooted in pragmatic experience. Thus the painting is at once impulsively direct and incisively exact.

The individuality of Pignon's work derives at least partially from his manner of combining thin washes of color and painterly brushing effects with a brisk linear definition which frequently becomes an animated, scrawling calligraphy. It is this type of swiftly spun jagged line which he uses to describe the twisting of olive branches or the thorny profile of a distant tree-crowned hill. At times the line may run convulsively through the whole canvas, tracing a circuitous route from a tree stump in the foreground through the thickets of the middle distance to the tentlike sub-divisions of a sharply rising hillside, turning downward again to give a circular motion to the entire painting. The two versions of *La Colline aux Cyprès* are both composed on the basis of the circular movement of the black line which darts about the periphery of the paintings, leaving the center quite bare and empty, while the dancing yellow lights, concentrated at the lower right, follow a similar path, forti-

EDOUARD PIGNON



Ostende (1949).

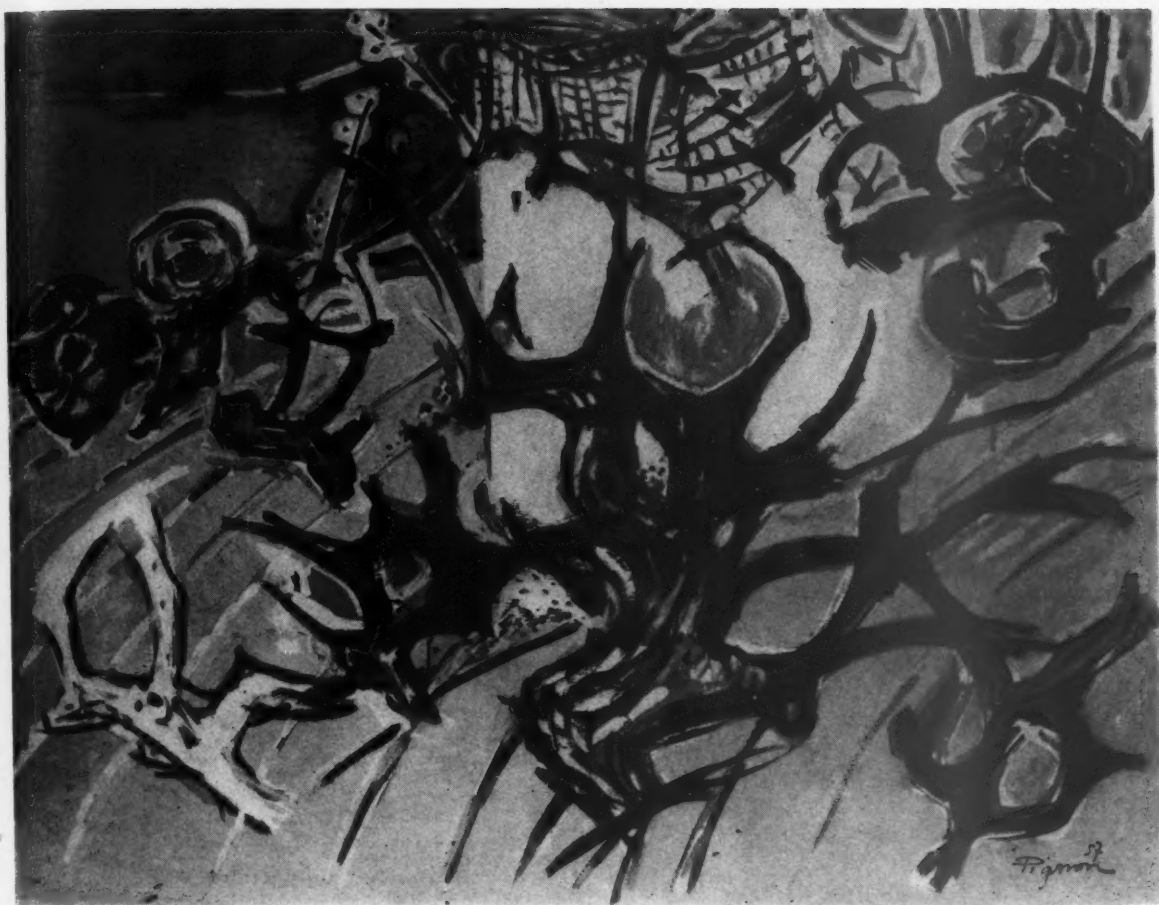


L'Ouvrier Mort (1952).

ifying the unity of the whole. In these two paintings the line brusquely indicates several figures at work in a field, but their activity is absorbed into the pulsing activity of the landscape of which they are an integral part. The forces of nature are dominant here; man may till a small patch of earth and reap a puny harvest, but his role in the full scheme is insignificant.

Other canvases offer a closer view of peasants at work, stooping to plant or pick, carrying water or harvest baskets, but in each instance they are related by color, motion and character of the forms to their surroundings, to the land which is their livelihood. In *Les Paysans* the color of the man is that of the raw, red earth as the woman's dress is a variant of it; the curve of his back continues the line of the furrows; the outline of her buttocks is repeated in the black outline of the trees; and the round of her hat is echoed in the two distant spots of yellow in the landscape. The figures assume the very shape of the land whose subjects they are. The artist does not idealize this relationship of the worker to the land, nor does he issue a summons to revolt against it, but simply accepts it as a natural condition of existence.

PIGNON not only effectively contrasts smooth color areas with his brush-drawn black line in its range from heavy and blunt to thin and thorny; he also varies the quality of his painting from transparencies to thick impastos, interspersed with sections of completely bare canvas. Lollipop-like trees, crudely childish, will be contrasted with the fine, nervously drawn skeletons of branches; a stand of trees will present an impenetrable barrier, opposed to a lattice-like thicket, all light and openness. Tightly segmented portions of a landscape will be offset by fluid, unenclosed areas, particularly at the edge of a canvas, as in *La Colline de Bandol*. Use of "realistic" local color will be



La Ferme aux Oliviers Morts (1957).

found in the same painting with spottings of bright pure color: some objects will be shaded into three-dimensionality, others given as flat planes, and at times space will be penetrated with conventional perspective while portions of the same paintings are uptilted nearly parallel with the picture plane. Yet these conflicting elements are, surprisingly enough, marshaled into a coherent entity by the knowledge both of means and of subject which the painter possesses, and they are given further unity by the vitality which courses with spring-fed vigor throughout each canvas. This vitality or energy of execution, resulting directly from a response to things seen, appears particularly robust and refreshing at a time when there is so much synthetic energy displayed in both French and American painting.

Pignon paints the Mediterranean country as only the sun-dazed eyes of a northerner can see it (as light burst upon Van Gogh in Arles), disclosing the pinks, reds and yellows in the earth, the midnight blue of the darkening expanse of sea. He is struck by the sharpness of the light-dark contrasts, fascinated by the animation of the contorted olive trees and by their cruel, bleached white skeletons. The dim landmarks left by centuries of civilization, the curve of a road once trod by the legions of Rome, the echoes of pagan fertility rites, the worship of the sun—all impress themselves on an alien sensibility and compel the artist's hand to convey the awakened responses which the country excites. Without this sense of exultation and without the painter's involvement with the landscape, Pignon's painting with all its casual abbreviations might border on the purely decorative; but he has struggled for so long to give seriousness to his art that it is doubtful his decorative instinct could gain the upper hand at this late date. While New York has been slow to recognize Pignon, it may now see him at a moment when this seriousness is yielding a rich harvest.



Le Viaduc (1957).

THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

*Developed by four generations of scholars and benefactors,
it forms a singularly rich and varied cultural treasury.*



*Pictured above and at right
are a variety of sculptures
from the Museum's Egyptian,
Minoan and Greek collections.*



"THE Bostonian who leaves Boston ought to be condemned to perpetual exile," wrote William Dean Howells, and it is no secret that his view has been shared by many a resident of that city. Perhaps it was this attitude, at a less jocose level, that led to the founding of the Museum of Fine Arts, which already in the last century enabled Bostonians to acquaint themselves with the major civilizations of the entire world without leaving home. Although it stands as the first incorporated museum of art in the country, the institution is notable not so much for its venerable history as for the breadth and wealth of its collections. It reflects the cultivated interests of the city. It reflects the paradoxical internationalism of a community quietly assured of its particular role in the world, but a part of whose role is an awareness of the rest of the world, past and present. It reflects the spirit of a city that has called itself, with more than a little reason, "The Athens of the West"—peopled by Brahmins.

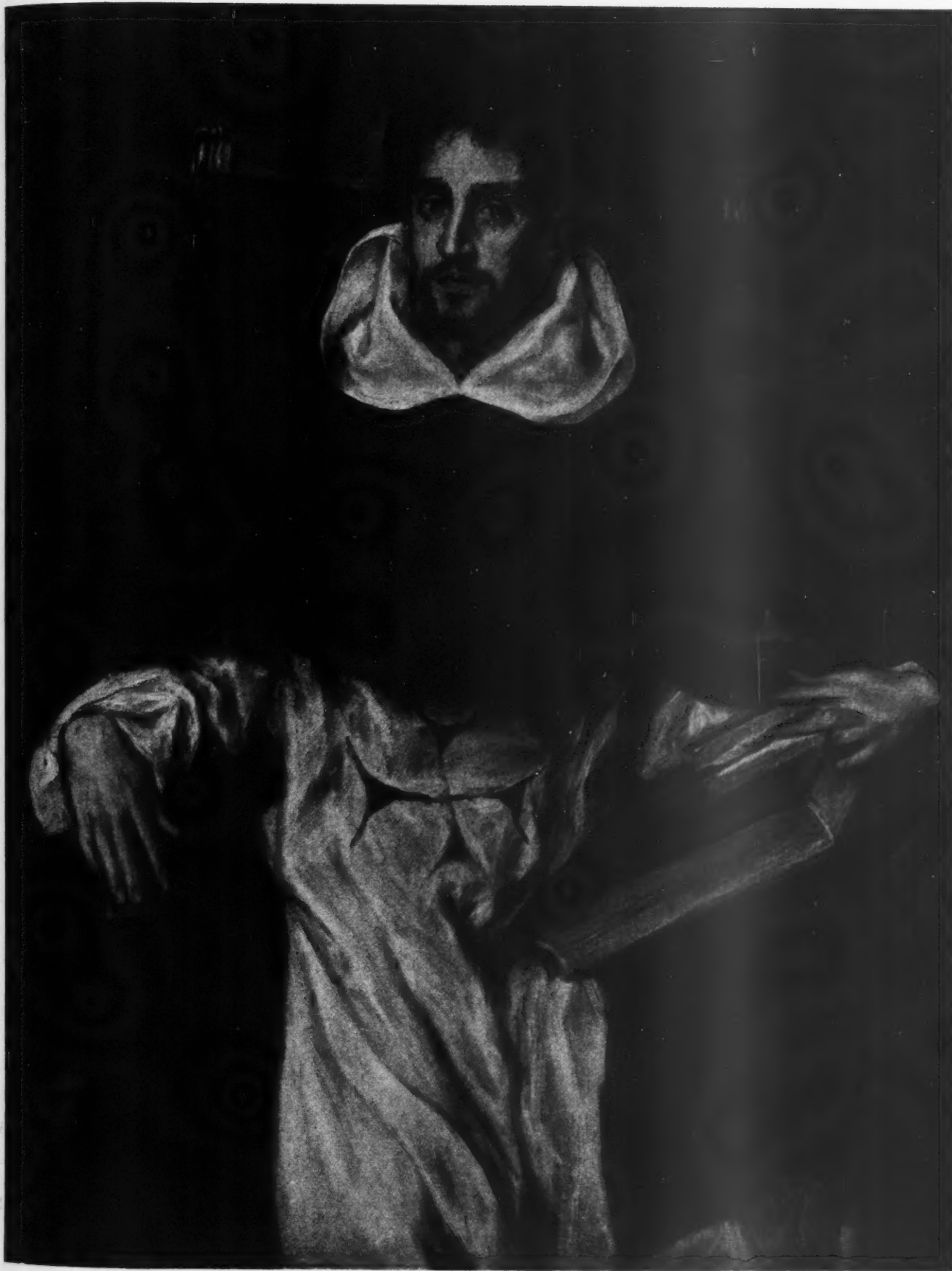
Whatever the ultimate motives behind the founding of the Museum of Fine Arts, the historical details of its origin are clear enough. In 1869 representatives of Harvard College, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Social Science Association joined with a group of interested citizens in appealing to the state legislature for the museum's charter, granted in 1870. The city of Boston in turn granted the institution a site on Copley Square, and a building was erected, by popular subscription, in time to open for the centennial anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Within a few decades the rapid expansion of the museum demanded a larger site, which was chosen "on the Fenway land." In 1909 the Huntington Avenue building was opened to the public, and 1915 saw the completion of the Robert Dawson Evans galleries for paintings. A separate building for the Museum School was erected in 1927.

Supported entirely by private gifts, bequests and annual subscriptions, the Museum of Fine Arts receives no aid from city or state. It has been created by the extraordinary liberality of four generations of Bostonians and a succession of renowned scholars who have gathered, and interpreted for the public, a unique assemblage of art.

"THE Museum," writes Director Perry T. Rathbone, "exists in order to make life more meaningful, to cultivate the pleasure of sight and to exert a civilizing and refining force upon society in general." A formulation of such sobriety and earnestness is possible only in a community that has long recognized the importance of "civilization." Yet the museum, in carrying out its goals, is not restricted by narrow traditionalism. It represents not only ambitiously conceived exhibitions, lecture series, art classes and concerts, but also the first

continued on page 38

El Greco, (c. 1548-1614) FRAY FELIZ HORTENSIO PALAVICINO.





The Crucifixion, with St. Nicholas and St. Gregory, by Duccio di Buoninsegna (c. 1255-1319). This triptych, the finest, best preserved and most complete example of the Sienese master's work.

The Crucifixion, with St. Nicholas and St. Gregory, byuccio di Buoninsegna (c. 1255-1319). This triptych, the finest, best preserved and most complete example of the Siennese master's work in this country, illustrates the particularly dramatic character that he brought to the Byzantine tradition. In terms of rhythmic design and decorative color, he set a pattern for later Siennese painting, and the evidence of his influence is so strong that Bernard Berenson has called him the "flower from whose seed all Siennese art sprang." While subtle composition differentiates Duccio from his predecessors, he preserves Byzantine splendor in rich color and sumptuous use of gold. It is possible that the side wings of the triptych were painted by Duccio's follower, Simone Martini.

Prophet or Musician (Strasbourg Minster, c. 1300).



The Three Worthies in the Fiery Furnace (Mosan, c. 1160). This handsome champlevé and cloisonné enamel on gilded copper, with its prevailing blue tone, the use of white for flesh and the well-modeled robe, is an outstanding example of twelfth-century enameling. Most remarkable is the ingenious and highly successful adaptation of the figures to the circle and the characteristic energy of the drawing in metal.



THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

full-scale museum television program in the country—which vastly expands the institution's audience beyond the half-million visitors who pass through its doors each year.

The treasures of an important museum are expected to range far over the centuries and the continents. Even the most hopeful visitor, however, is likely to find his expectations surpassed by the Boston collections. The most famous is that of the Asiatic Department, the greatest in the Occident and probably in the world outside of Tokyo. The Ancient Near Eastern, Indian, Persian, Mohammedan, Chinese and Japanese art included affords the widest opportunity available anywhere under one roof for the connected study of Asiatic cultures.

The collection of Egyptian art is also a distinguished one, particularly in the field of Old Kingdom sculpture, where it is unequaled except at Cairo. Most of this priceless material was acquired through the expedition undertaken jointly by the museum and Harvard University in 1905, an expedition which continued excavation at the Pyramids of Giza for forty years.

The Classical Department contains original works of Greek art—bronzes, marbles, jewelry, coins, vases and terra-cotta figurines—objects all chosen for fine artistic quality rather than for archeological interest. Especially important is the collection of pottery, with its rich series of Athenian red-figured vases of the early fifth century. The Roman portraits and Greco-Roman sculptures include a number of unique pieces.

ALREADY remarkable and growing constantly is the collection of paintings, which includes examples of all the more important schools of Europe and America. The group of nineteenth-century French works is outstanding for its copious representation of Barbizon and Impressionist painters. Among earlier works of the French School are examples of sixteenth-century portraiture, of Poussin and Claude, and of the eighteenth-century painters. Of other schools, that of Spain includes a series of twelfth-century Catalan frescoes and memorable examples by El Greco, Velázquez and Zurbarán. Early Netherlands painting includes a masterpiece of Rogier van der Weyden, and of the later painters, Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck and Jacob Ruysdael are well represented. The Italian School presents noteworthy groups of Venetian and Sienese paintings and a number of large altarpieces, with examples of Fra Angelico, Titian and Tintoretto among greater masters.

Among the most popular galleries are those devoted to American art. The works on view trace the history of painting in this country from its beginnings to the present day and include the world's greatest collection of Copleys, Stuarts and other early American artists. The museum boasts in addition the famous Karolik Collection, 232 works from the years between the War of 1812 and the Civil War. The Early American Period Rooms present, in addition to furniture and decorative arts, a remarkable assemblage of Colonial silver, particularly the collection of pieces by Paul Revere.

In the Department of Prints and Drawings the visitor finds perhaps the richest collection of graphic art in the country. It is strong in examples by the European old masters, and it contains as well many thousands of works by lesser-known but intriguing artists—works that are invaluable for study and comparison, or for exploring the sights, the manners, the philosophies of ages past.

The treasures of Boston's Museum of Fine Arts are being constantly augmented. The past few years have seen the acquisition of Rembrandt's brilliant companion portraits of the Reverend Johannes Elison and his wife. From the famous fresco by Correggio that filled the apse of San Giovanni Evangelista in Parma comes a charming head of an angel. Also recently acquired is a painting of major importance to the history of modern art, the celebrated *La Japonaise* by Claude Monet. And to the group of twentieth-century sculptures have been added bronzes by Renoir, Lehmbruck, Lachaise, Marcks.

Opposite page: **Ogata Korin**, WAVES AT MATUSHIMA, detail from seventeenth-century Japanese screen. At right: **Claude Monet**, LA JAPONAISE (1876).



Chinese, KUAN YIN (twelfth century).



BERTHE MORISOT: MAJOR IMPRESSIONIST



*Manet, PORTRAIT OF BERTHE MORISOT;
collection Mme E. Rouart, Paris.*

*Her correspondence, translated for the first time,
reveals a warm, amiable and astonishing personality.*

BY ALFRED WERNER

THE fifty or so artists who at one time or another participated in the Impressionist shows fall into three categories: the leaders, in a class with Monet and Pissarro; the "fellow travelers" now completely, and often deservedly, forgotten; and, in between, those whom the art lover might but should not ignore. Berthe Morisot (1841-95) is often put in this middle group, although she is anything but a minor figure. In America, where high prices are often paid for even the least significant work of the prolific Renoir, her name would hardly cause a stir at an auction. Still she is represented in public collections here by at least a half-dozen real masterpieces, among them *In the Dining Room* at the National Gallery of Art in Washington. As recently as 1952, "Berthe Morisot and Her Circle," an exhibition which was presented both in the United States and Canada, showed canvases loaned by her daughter, Madame Ernest Rouart of Paris: twenty Morisots, plus ten oils by her mentor and brother-in-law, Manet, and by Monet, Degas and Renoir.

If this show failed to make "Morisot" a household word, will the recent publication of *Correspondence of Berthe Morisot* (George Wittenborn, Inc., \$20.00) be more successful? Could the relatively low rank accorded to her, and to Mary Cassatt, among nineteenth-century French artists, be to some extent

due to the fact that both were "women painters"? One remembers that C. J. Bulliet dismissed her with the stupid sobriquet "Manet in Petticoats," saying that "after the death of Manet, Berthe Morisot continued to paint a while, but made no further progress." (Actually, Morisot, though she learned a great deal from Manet, never consciously imitated him; she outlived him by twelve years, during which time her ripest and most successful masterpieces were produced.)

Pissarro certainly held her in very high esteem, and was shocked upon learning of the death of "our old comrade Berthe Morisot." To his son Lucien he wrote after the funeral:

You can hardly conceive how surprised we all were and how moved, too, by the disappearance of this distinguished woman who had such a splendid feminine talent, and who brought honor to our Impressionist group . . . Poor Madame Morisot, the public hardly knows her!

Before the present volume, our major sources of information about her were a short biography by Armand Fourreau (1925) and a brief chapter in Théodore Duret's *Histoire des Peintres Impressionistes* (1906). Now, for the first time, the warm, amiable personality of the artist is revealed, the character of

an astonishing woman who, without neglecting her husband and child, was able to produce an *oeuvre* as solid as it is comprehensive (a partial catalogue, undertaken in 1933, lists 663 works in oil, watercolor, pastel, sanguine, charcoal, crayon and pencil, plus two sculptures). The new book, a large one, consists of letters written or received by the artist and carefully preserved for posterity by her daughter (now seventy-nine). The letters are linked by biographical comment furnished by the painter's grandson, Denis Rouart. Reproductions of watercolors, lithographs and drawings as well as facsimiles of letters are included. The English translation (based on the original French edition of 1950) is the work of the American artist Betty W. Hubbard.

IN 1857 three girls—Yves, Edma and Berthe—were escorted by their mother, Marie Cornélie, wife of the civil-service official Edmé-Tiburce Morisot, to the studio of Père Chocarne. The oldest, Yves, soon lost her interest in painting, but the other two continued. A new teacher, Guichard, startled to note that the two young ladies had real talent and might develop beyond the stage of amateurism, warned the mother:

Do you realize what this means? In the upper-class milieu to which you belong, this will be revolutionary. I might almost say, catastrophic. Are you sure that you will not come to curse the day when art, having gained admission to your home, now so respectable and peaceful, will become the sole arbiter of the fate of two of your daughters?

Mother Morisot did not have to worry about Edma. Though she, like the youngest, Berthe, had pictures accepted by the Salon (the same Salon, ironically, that rejected Cézanne), Edma soon gave up painting for marriage. It was Berthe who caused maternal anxiety, especially because of her dedication.

"The successful ones [i.e., artists] are surely not those who, like you, want to pursue art solely for art's sake," the mother wrote to her strong-willed daughter. And about her: "She has perhaps the necessary talent . . . but she has not the kind of talent that has commercial value or wins public recognition."

While old Corot gave formal instruction to the sisters (taking them along on sketching trips into the country, he advised them, "Nature itself is the best of counselors"), Berthe gave to her next and last teacher, Manet, as much as she received. Frequently she posed for him—he did not care for professional models. At first she was jealous of Mademoiselle Gonzalès, herself a minor painter, whom Manet seemed to prefer. But Manet changed his mind. "To my great surprise and satisfaction, I received the highest praise," Berthe confided to Edma; "it seems that what I do is decidedly better than Eva Gonzalès."

Berthe was very fond of Manet, who had an "intellectual charm, a warmth, something indefinable," but she was hardly attracted by Degas's personality: "He has wit, but nothing more." While she was very fond of Renoir, she nevertheless described him as "very chatty, and fairly satisfied with his work." "The tall Bazille has painted something that I find very good," she wrote to Edma in 1869: "There is much light and sunshine in it. He has tried to do what we have so often attempted—a figure in the outdoor light—and this time he seems to have been successful." But barely two years later she had to inform Edma that "poor Bazille" had been killed in the Franco-Prussian War (he was only thirty).

From her *Correspondence* one learns how deeply affected Berthe was by the outrages committed during this war, and by the suffering of the people. But there were also absurd aspects to the situation. Degas and Manet "almost came to blows arguing over the methods of defense and the use of the National Guard, although each of them was ready to die to save the

Morisot, MME PONTILLON, Sister of the Artist; courtesy Cleveland Museum of Art.



BERTHE MORISOT: MAJOR IMPRESSIONIST

country." About Degas (who served in the artillery): "He is looking for an opportunity to hear that sound [of a cannon] because he wants to know whether he can endure the detonation of his guns."

Closest of all who attended the Thursday dinners given at the Morisot mansion was the schoolteacher and poet Stéphane Mallarmé, ardent champion of Manet, Monet, Whistler and Degas. Mallarmé rarely failed to pay tribute to her art (for instance, "Winter is dragging on here; we need a paint brush with any kind of color to change this; you alone can do it"—or "How is the work going? . . . I am looking forward to adorable things when I see you early in October"). Often he would enclose his message in a quatrain, delightful in its wit, but defying translation.

She did not see Claude Monet very often, as he was living in Giverny, and it took her years to gather enough courage to suggest: "My dear Monet, may I drop the 'Dear Sir' and treat you as a friend?"

"**T**ANTE BERTHE," as Paul Valéry (who married one of her nieces) referred to her, was on the whole a very lucky person. Both she and her husband inherited enough money to enable the couple to live most comfortably in their town house in Paris, or in their home in the country, or to take long trips. She made only one self-portrait (holding her palette), but she also painted herself with her only child, Julie. In Manet's *The Balcony* (1868), she wears a white dress and is seen sitting at the railing, her delicate hand above the fan, staring at us with a deep gaze. (Valéry observes that Manet painted her powerful eyes black—though actually they were green—to stress their profound magic.) In another Manet portrait, painted four years later (now owned by her daughter), she looks at us with the same intensity of feeling. Renoir's *Berthe Morisot and Her Daughter Julie* shows the gray-haired Morisot, in her last year, quietly leaning against a chair, while in the background appears the lovely fifteen-year-old Julie, wearing a large hat.

Attractive without being beautiful, elegant, composed, she lived what one would call a quiet life, one that her biographer Fourreau compared to "some very sheltered lake which no storms have ever stirred." But there was an element of anxiety caused by her husband, whom she married in 1875 and whom she loved dearly. His sensitive, bearded face we know from her paintings. Eugène Manet (who dabbled a bit in painting) found it difficult to obtain a suitable government position. Her real concern, however, was his frail health. In January of 1892 Berthe wrote Mallarmé: "Eugène . . . is so terribly thin that he barely fills his place at the table." Three months later he died. About that time Berthe set down in her notes:

I have descended to the depths of suffering, and it seems to me that after that one cannot help being raised up . . . Remembrance is the true imperishable.



Mme Bourrier and Daughter;
courtesy the Brooklyn Museum.



Women Boating (c. 1880); collection Tate Gallery, London.
Color plates courtesy George Wittenborn, Inc.

BERTHE MORISOT: MAJOR IMPRESSIONIST

She herself lived three more years, during which she took to painting with greater zeal than ever before. She had her only one-man show (in the spring of 1892); and she was delighted to learn that one of her pictures had been accepted by the Musée du Luxembourg. Above all, she enjoyed watching her daughter's development. Early in 1895 mother and daughter caught the grippe. Julie recovered, but Madame Morisot developed pneumonia. On March 1, on the eve of her death, she wrote to Julie:

I love you as I die; I shall still love you even when I am dead; I beg you not to cry, this parting was inevitable. I hoped to live until you were married . . . Work and be good as you have always been: you have not caused me one sorrow in your little life. You have beauty, money; make good use of them . . . Do not cry; I love you more than I can tell you.

In the following year, a memorial exhibition was arranged by Berthe's friends. In the preface, the faithful Mallarmé spoke of her as "the magician whose finished work, according to the opinion of several great original artists, stands comparison with that of anyone."

MORISOT apparently was not fully satisfied with her output. Much of her work remained in the sketch stage. As a young woman of the *haute bourgeoisie*, she had many social obligations; a busy wife, mother, and for a long time nurse to

an ailing husband, she simply had neither the time nor the energy to paint with the concentration characteristic of her true self. Also, she was born too soon. In her time, it was considered *comme il faut* for upper-class ladies to dabble a bit in watercolors, but to treat art seriously—no! Almost ashamed of what she was doing, Madame Eugène Manet would hide her painting equipment when an unexpected visitor turned up.

She did unorthodox things, but was uneasy about her conduct—for instance, reading Darwin ("It is scarcely reading for a woman, even less for a girl," she admits). Even those writers and critics who appreciated her were astonished by her achievements *qua* woman. *Vide* Camille Mauclair: "It is a woman's work, but it has a strength, a freedom of touch and an originality which one would hardly have expected." George Moore claimed that women were by nature uncreative, but in her case grudgingly conceded: "Her pictures are the only pictures created by a woman that could not be destroyed without creating a blank, a hiatus in the history of art."

Degas, the misogynist, said of her that she painted pictures as though she were making bonnets. Even Manet took a supercilious and paternalistic attitude toward her: "My sister-in-law would not have existed without me." Ironically, the reverse might have been claimed by Berthe (though, with her utter lack of egoism, she apparently never entertained such a thought). It is true that Manet helped her to escape from the standardized concept of beauty in nature, to see the attractiveness of

Woman with a Teacup; private collection.





In the Garden at Mauricourt; courtesy Toledo Museum of Art.

In the Dining Room; courtesy National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

contemporary life; under his influence she stopped painting the very correct oils, finished in every detail, and acquired a firm and free hand on her brush. Yet, as Georges Bataille points out:

Had it not been for Berthe Morisot, in whom he discovered the double enchantment of a painter's talents and a model's beauty, he might never have tried his hand at Impressionist painting. Until they met Manet had painted only somber canvases, and had always worked inside the studio . . . Berthe Morisot alone prompted him to go out-of-doors and paint in bright colors—to practice what the Impressionists called *peinture claire* . . .

Be that as it may, while holding her ground in a world of men, she did not do it aggressively in the manner of a George Sand, or of her contemporary, Rosa Bonheur, painter of the gigantic *Horse Fair*. Being a woman, she was automatically excluded from the sessions at the Café Guerbois and, subsequently, the Café de la Nouvelle Athènes, where the rebellious artists, writers and critics gathered; but her sex did not prevent the Impressionists from allowing her to defray the expenses for the group shows. Nor did her sex cause hostile critics to treat her more gently than her male fellow-conspirators. "Now take Mlle Morisot!" one journalist wrote in 1874. "That young lady is not interested in reproducing trifling details. When she has a hand to paint, she makes exactly as many brush strokes lengthwise as there are fingers, and the business is done. Stupid people who are finicky about the drawing of a hand don't understand a thing about Impressionism . . ."

And to Albert Wolff's strange compliment ("in her, feminine grace is preserved amidst the frenzy of a mind in delirium"), she reacted by asking one of her correspondents: "Is it possible to have less artistic sense than this creature, and to be more unbearably arrogant?"

FORTUNATELY for herself Berthe was neither a suffragette nor a feminist. "The truth is," she wrote, "that our value lies in feeling . . . in our vision that is subtler than that of men, and we can accomplish a great deal provided that affectation, pedantry and sentimentalism do not come to spoil everything."

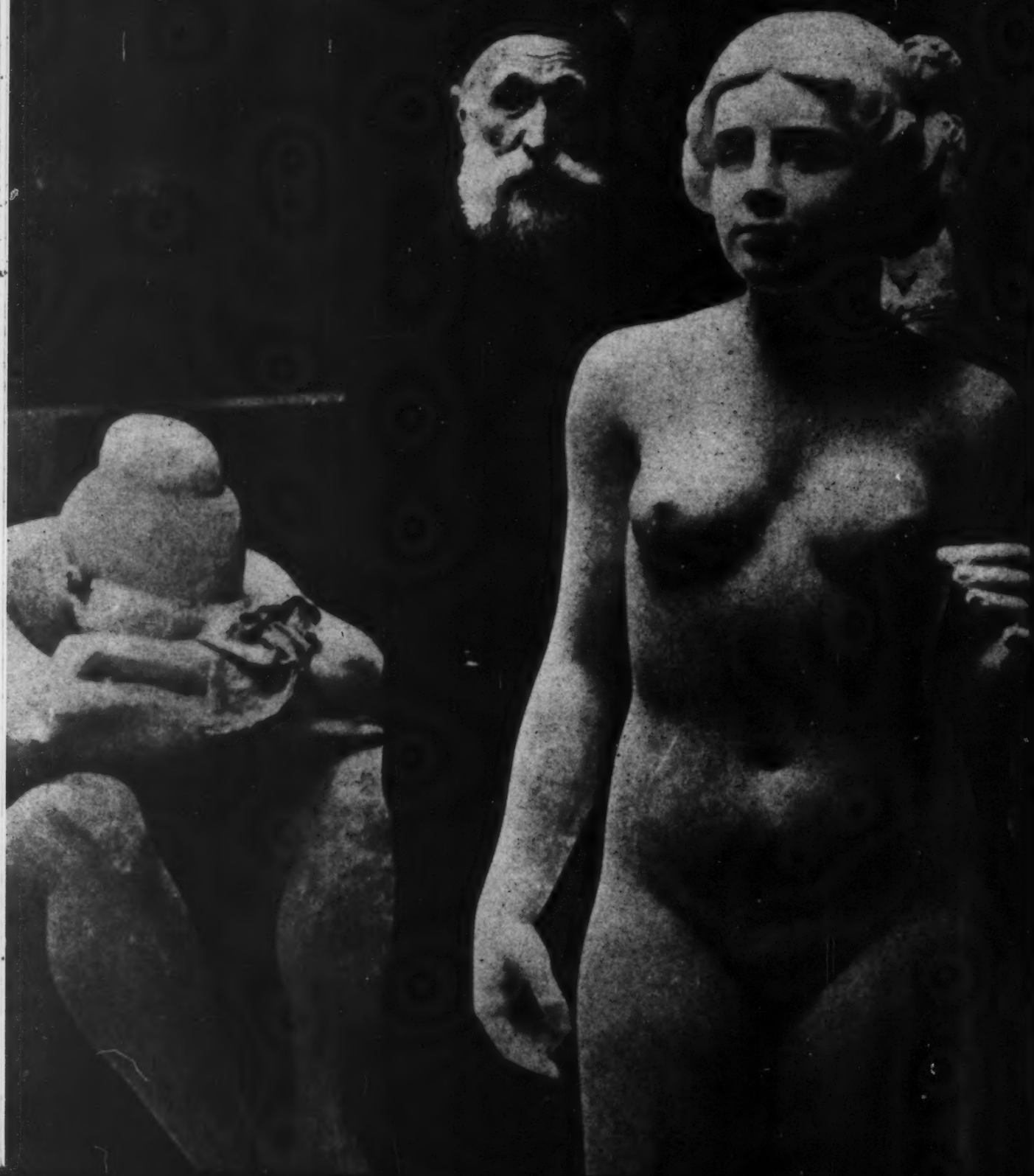
She drew abundantly upon the femininity she felt in herself, using it to the best possible purpose. Never did she forget

Père Corot's advice to choose only such subjects as would harmonize with her own nature. Hence her preference for subject matter that might be circumscribed with the title of Watteau's famous painting, *Les Charmes de la Vie*. (She does actually remind us, in her subtle approach to the delights in life, of Watteau himself, as well as of her own great-grandfather, Fragonard.) Her pictorial world is that of Sunday picnics in parks, of young women preparing to look their best, of children playing, watching swans or picking fruit. Her models were members of the family and of the household. She attempted nothing that was in sharp contrast to her predilections and character; hence the perfect accord between her and her work, so heartily admired by Théodore Duret.

As a painter she began with landscapes à la Corot. Even when she was a full-fledged member of the Impressionist group, she did not adopt all the principles sacred to the Old Guard of Impressionism. True, her canvases were bathed in light, and her palette was as high-keyed as that of the others. But she did not adopt the "divisionist" technique, the juxtaposing of small dashes and blobs of paint, supposed to mix in the eye of the beholder. From beginning to end she painted in broad strokes, freely applied, and she would not follow Monet to the extreme of dissolving everything into dazzling atmospheric vibrations. Like another, earlier disciple of Corot, the gentle Pissarro, she did not quite trust the fugitive effects that became Monet's specialty, but was eager to retain the unity of form. Referring to the change in her painting of her last five or six years, Denis Rouart, in an essay contributed to the series *Collection des Maîtres*, wrote:

Her brush strokes, formerly undisciplined, direct and abrupt, became more co-ordinated and elongated in a supple and strong arabesque which followed the form and underlined the design. Her tones became more freely subject to a dominating harmony.

She was no Cézanne or Seurat to change the entire mode of painting. In her delicate way, she was nearer to the eighteenth than the twentieth century. But are we to say she was not a great artist because she was no innovator? Her spontaneity alone is so remarkable, so overwhelming, as to assure her the loving interest of those who value unpremeditated, effortless action above all.



THE MAILLOL HERITAGE

*Four decades of his sculpture are recapitulated
in a traveling show initiated by the Rosenberg Galleries.*

THE largest assemblage of Maillol's sculpture ever to be displayed in New York will be on view this month at the galleries of Paul Rosenberg and Co., organizers of the exhibition as well as of the museum tour which will carry the works to ten cities across the country during the next two years. Spanning the four decades which the artist devoted to sculpture, the exhibition presents thirty-nine bronzes and one marble statue, the latter lent by the Musée National d'Art Moderne in Paris. All the bronzes are original casts, obtained directly from the estate of Aristide Maillol, and bear the foundry mark, number of cast and the artist's monogram or signature. The accompanying catalogue, completely illustrated, includes a foreword by Mr. John Rewald, who has also contributed the comprehensive biographical data.

One can hardly approach the sculpture of Aristide Maillol without invoking the classical world, the Mediterranean world to which he was native and to which he was so completely attuned. He was born (1861) and he died (1944) in the village of Banyuls—a port colonized by the Greeks and the Romans—and while living near Paris he rarely allowed a year to pass without going back to the serene vineyards, the olive groves and the sea that he had gazed upon as a child. After studying at the Paris Ecole des Beaux-Arts he returned to Banyuls and set up a workshop in which he produced the tapestries that first brought him a measure of fame. It was not until he was nearing forty that he turned to sculpture; the strain of tapestry work threatened him with blindness.



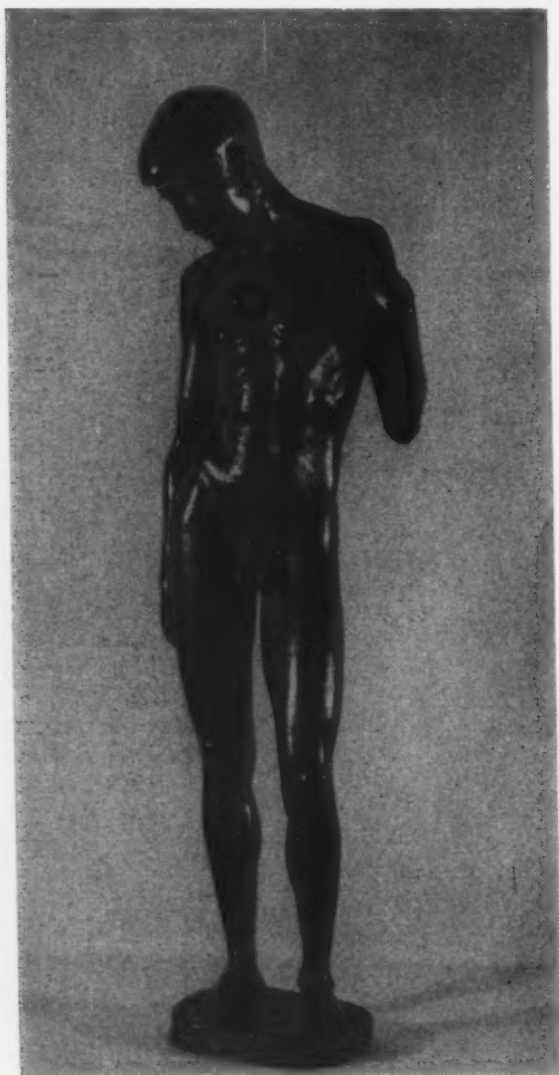
Opposite page: Maillol in his studio, 1938. Above: **Crouching Bather** (1900). At right: **Bather** (1920).



THE MAILLOL HERITAGE



Above: *The Mountain* (1937). Below: *Young Cyclist* (c. 1904); collection Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Davis, Wayzata, Minnesota.



THE sculptural scene upon which Maillol presented himself was dominated by Rodin—a Romantic in his ambitions for his art, an Impressionist in his concern with the play of light over agitated surface, an Expressionist in his emphasis on violent interior conflict. Maillol never questioned Rodin's genius, but the way in which that genius was applied left him with ironic reservations. Certain of the master's projects struck him as a somewhat grotesque effort to stop humanity dead in its tracks with awe. Modestly, Maillol himself did not scorn the concept of art as decoration, as a pleasurable contribution to a setting, and he willingly undertook a knocker for a door, or a base for a clock. The statuettes in the present exhibition, among them *Leda* and *Crouching Bather*, possess, beyond their formal perfection, the unpretentious charm of good decoration; they are not only admirable, but altogether delightful and engaging as well.

Included in the Rosenberg exhibition are two versions of *Mediterranean*, the work which first brought popular acclaim to Maillol's sculpture when it was displayed at the 1905 Salon d'Automne. The nine life-size pieces comprise the figures for the "Four Seasons" series, the 1921 *Bather* and the famous *Pomona*, *Flora*, *Venus* and *Nymph*. These works of course qualify as "classical" for their subject, but their significant classicism resides in the purified, idealized conception of form that they embody.

IN his rebellion against the Rodinesque, Maillol created works rigorously purged of particularity. A radically different sculptural vision asserts itself. The repose of ovoid forms replaces the anxiety of thrusting angles. Smooth surfaces lead the eye in linear sweep from one form to another, establishing a sense of harmony rather than of conflict. Further, in a rebellion against the weak, academic brand of elegance and grace to which he had been subjected as a student, Maillol presented sturdy, ample figures; the forms have weight and density, a stable strength that breathes permanency. It is not for nothing that Maillol considered Cézanne the foremost painter of his time; both artists distrusted the transient, strove to fix the immutable in their work. And along with Maillol's concern for the universally permanent there was a delight, akin to Renoir's, in the healthy, natural beauty of man as a thinking, feeling animal.

The present exhibition memorializes one of the significant reversals in the early sculptural history of our century. More important, it brings together a notable harvest of works, the fruit of Maillol's instinctive return to traditional sources of inspiration, to the pagan, classical, humanistic strain in Western civilization.

The Maillol Itinerary

New York, New York

PAUL ROSENBERG AND CO., March 3-29, 1958

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART, April 15-May 15, 1958

Cleveland, Ohio

CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART, July 1-August 31, 1958

Toledo, Ohio

TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART, September 15-October 15, 1958

Boston, Massachusetts

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, November 15-December 15, 1958

Buffalo, New York

ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY, January 15-February 15, 1959

Minneapolis, Minnesota

MINNEAPOLIS ART INSTITUTE, March 1-April 5, 1959

St. Louis, Missouri

CITY ART MUSEUM OF ST. LOUIS, April 24-May 24, 1959

San Francisco, California

PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, September 10-October 10, 1959

Los Angeles, California

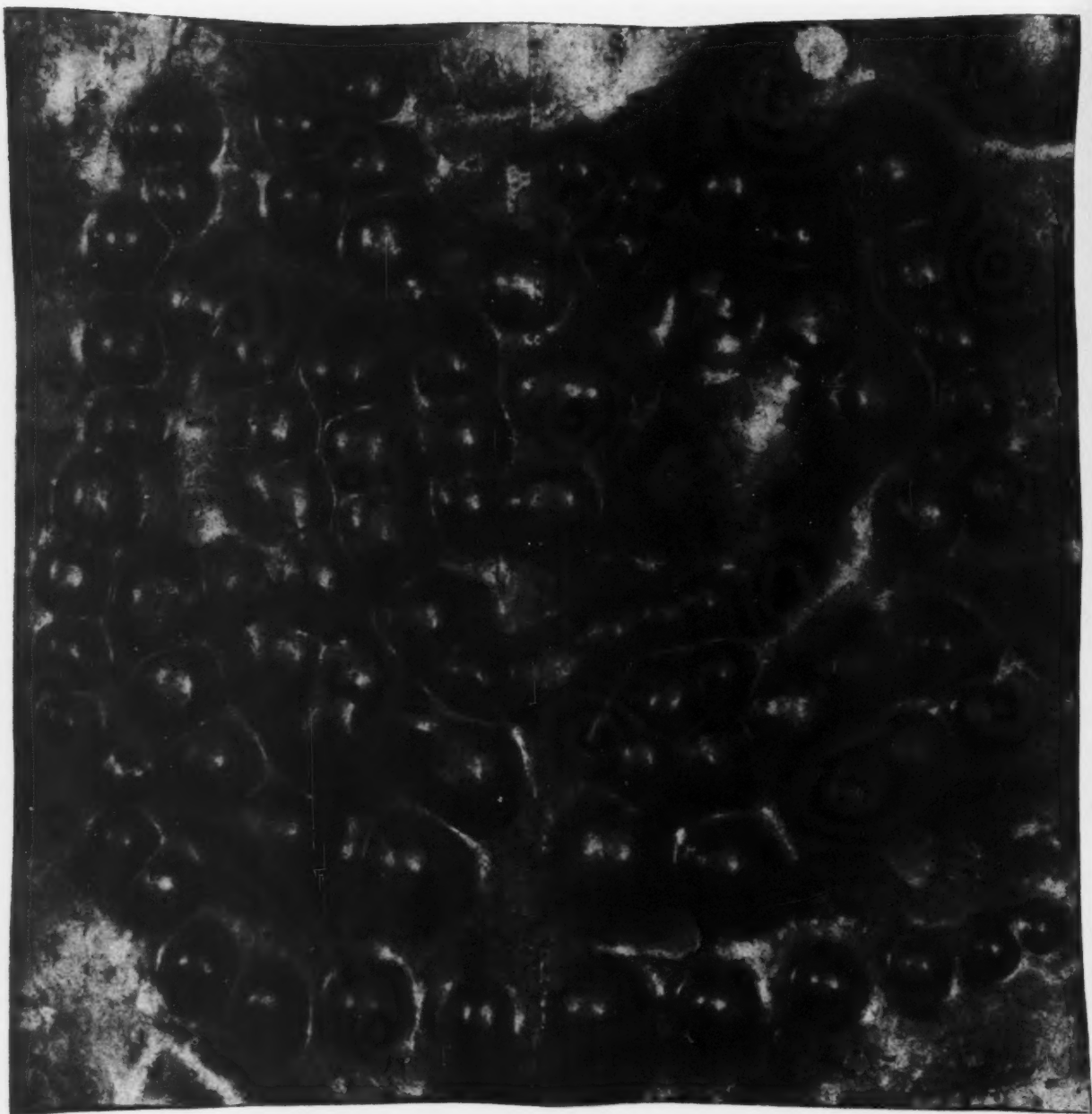
LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM, November 3-December 20, 1959

Dallas, Texas

DALLAS MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, January 17-February 14, 1960



Venus (1918-28).



Etienne Hajdu, *FIELD OF FORCES* (1956), 74" by 74". All sculptures on view at the Guggenheim Museum.

MONTH IN REVIEW

BY SIDNEY GEIST

SEVEN sculptors have been given the unusual opportunity of an exhibition of their sculpture and drawings at the Guggenheim Museum (February 12-April 20). Opportunity because the Guggenheim is at present the handsomest setting imaginable for the showing of sculpture. At the same time, the distinction of the setting has its dangers for the sculpture: the small number of objects—twenty-one sculptures and twenty-seven drawings—and the spaciousness of the display not only permit the work to be seen, they set it off with a sharpness which is more than most of it can bear.

The sculptor who stands up best to the white light of the Guggenheim is Hajdu, a native of Rumania who has been living in Paris since 1927. He shows works in two media, stone and copper. His two pieces in stone are cut from thin slabs of marble and onyx, tapered at the outer edges, slightly modeled on their broad surfaces, and polished. Although they appear to be free shapes, one is labeled *Bird* and the other *Flower*. As we see from Hajdu's drawings, his shapes always derive from some profile found in nature—a woman in a hat, say—simplified and stylized into briskly curving and straight-edged elements. At our present stage of sophistication the resemblances contained in Hajdu's forms are more disturbing than not, once they are seen. For the forms are elegant and handsome in themselves, cutting their precise shapes out of the surrounding air with almost the clean bite of the Chinese jade ceremonial scepters to which they are related.

Hajdu, in fact, is an eclectic, but one of the few who can get away with it, perhaps because of the excellence of his models and of his own craftsmanship. Certainly in his reliefs he has added breadth and depth to the idea of relief. *Field of Forces*, a six-foot-square work in hammered copper, is the most impressive sculpture in the show. The photograph opposite hardly reveals the richness of the *matière*, of the coloration and of the undulating, firmly bossed mass. This gathering of similar elements is peculiarly evocative at this historic moment. It approaches *actual assemblage*, which is sure to provide the theme for future sculpture.

Another type of sculptor altogether is Eduardo Paolozzi, who was born in Scotland and works in England. Paolozzi shuns elegance, craftsmanship, tradition or any order other than that necessary for the physical existence of his sculpture. In his lexicon a man is an upright structure with two rude nether supports that serve for legs, a central block for the torso, and a topping mass, punctured and pushed to suggest the cavities and protuberances of eyes, mouth, nose and ears. Paolozzi works in wax, attaching odd shapes and bits, casts and prints of objects, to an integument which is already pierced and broken. He adds his material with what appears to be a rough, childish carelessness, but, in the bronze, his surprising, not to say shocking, surfaces are suggestive when they are not merely fussy, while the profiles of his figures are always active and unpredictable. The general effect is crude, primitive and vitalistic. Paolozzi is the bad boy of sculpture, loaded with talent and capable of anything. It is a pity that he is caught up in the easy excitements of wax facture, and in what is a degraded view of the human body.

Eduardo Chillida, a Spaniard, works in heavy, forged iron, related in spirit to González and in technique to Smith, but infinitely less witty than either. His open constructions are composed of elements that resemble axheads, picks and plow blades; what with the directness of their technique and the weight of their *matière* they achieve an earthiness which makes its point. Chillida's drawings manifest a livelier sense of invention than his sculpture; he is young and should find the means to translate the vitality of his graphic ideas into metal.

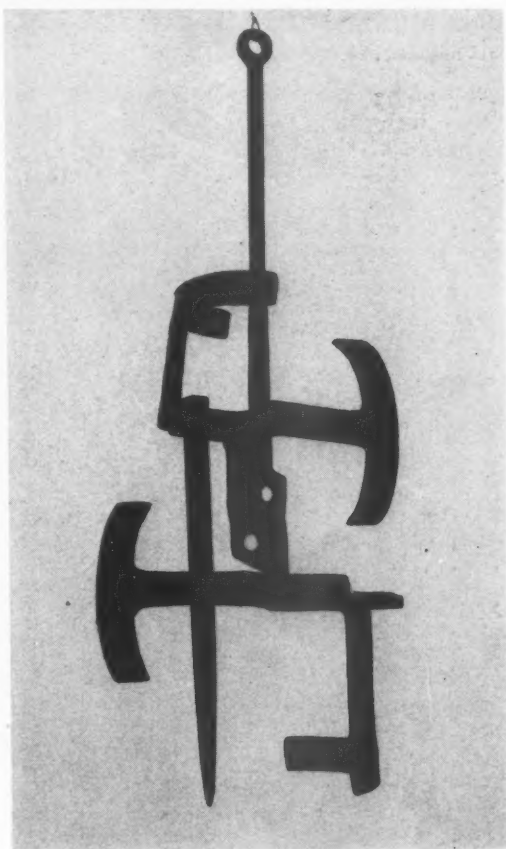
THE quality of the sculpture at the Guggenheim takes a sharp dip at this point. Etienne-Martin, a Frenchman, is a manipulator of natural forms. He takes a complicated root of a tree which he carves, smooths and pierces, and makes something which looks like nothing so much as the root of a tree. The large hole which appears in his *Anemone* is full of significance, mainly embarrassing. Michael Lekakis, a native New Yorker, shows some excellent drawings and four pieces in wood which, while spanning twelve years, display three quite disparate styles, two of them good, none of them personal. Two of his pieces are of the manipulated driftwood school; and it must be said that *Dance* (1958), a dangerously lacy fabric, is the most interesting piece of this type of which there are too many in this exhibition. Alicia Penalba, who hails from Argentina, is represented by two abstract bronzes as studiously modeled as academic figure studies. Shindo Tsuji, of Japan, shows several drawings which contain sculptural ideas far more stimulating than those present in his two terra cottas. These are superb in their craftsmanship and beautiful in their material, but are of a complication and density that elude the understanding.

It would be pleasant to be able to say that this show, besides presenting to view three or four interesting sculptures, makes a point of some kind, but that is not possible. "The purpose of the exhibition," explains Mr. Sweeney, the director of the Guggenheim, "is to encourage interest in the work of certain less well-known contemporary artists . . ." Why these artists? Mr. Sweeney does not say, as he never has much to say about the artists he exhibits. He gives the impression that he is carrying out a quite impersonal task, whereas the contrary is true. A clear word now and then would help, for beyond a certain point his decisions remain mysterious.

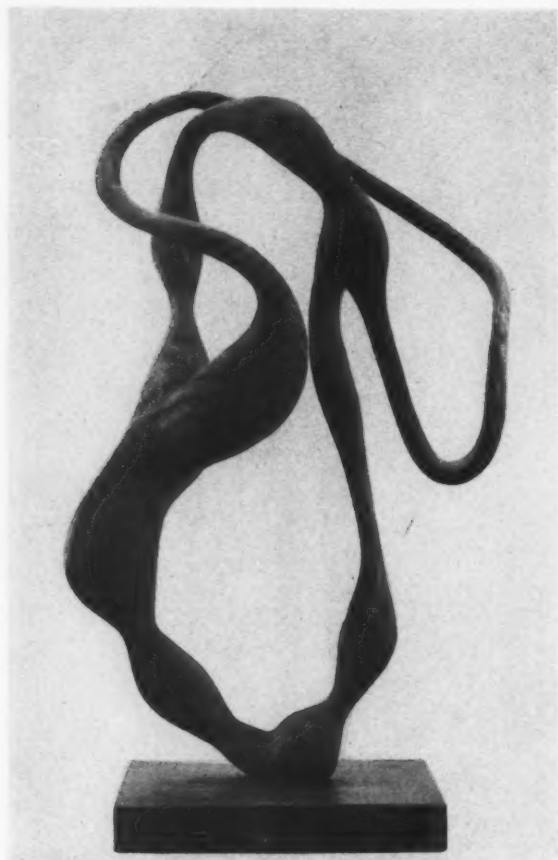


Eduardo Paolozzi, ST. SEBASTIAN NO. 1 (1956), 68" high.

Eduardo Chillida, FROM WITHIN (1953), 38" high.



MONTH IN REVIEW



Michael Lekakis, DANCE (1958), 30" high.

Shindo Tsuji, THE HEAD (1958), 14" by 10".



Etienne-Martin, ANEMONE (1955), 43" high.

At any rate, Hajdu and Paolozzi are very well known, both here and abroad. Of the rest, all but Chillida are "less well-known" for obvious reasons, and one, like Achilles sulking in his tent, has nursed a public obscurity by refusing to exhibit for ten years. His re-emergence at the Guggenheim presents us with the double spectacle of the proud artist coaxed from his isolation, and of Mr. Sweeney making his inevitable "discovery." But the pose, the stratagem or even the necessity of anger, pride or solitariness does not bestow stature, nor can a museum director bestow it.

Mr. Sweeney's sculptors are, he tells us, of seven nationalities; he would seem to have engaged in a far-flung search, while actually he found four of them in Paris. If he had been looking for worth-while rather than "less well-known" sculptors, he could have found a dozen better than most of his seven in the neighborhood of New York, and of as varied national origins. But there is no keeping Mr. Sweeney here on the farm after he's seen Paree.

The need of the museum director to be ahead not only of the public but of the galleries and even the artists, has thrown the function of the museum completely out of kilter. The museum cannot discover anyone, nor can it create a new artistic "scene"; if, however, it wishes to relax its didactic functions, it can provide a setting in which a deserving artist can appear to better advantage than that which the commercial gallery affords.

This the Guggenheim is equipped to do. Mr. Sweeney is a superb showman whose solicitude for the proper display of works of art is marred only by a propensity to exhibit sculpture where it may best be viewed on all fours. Otherwise his installations are distinguished by their taste and loving care, and for this we can only applaud him. In the snow-white interiors of the Guggenheim Museum he could make a paper bag look good. But it would be interesting to have him mount an exhibition of sculpture that would deserve the care he lavishes on his installations.

Two of the most talented members of the New York School this month demonstrate that *Sturm und Drang* are not the necessary and sufficient attributes of the school. In their new

work we are treated to some rare sweetness and light.

Angelo Ippolito, who is showing at the Bertha Schaefer Gallery (March 3-22), has in recent years dealt predominantly with the theme of landscape—nothing you could see by taking a ride to the country, but that landscape which was the painter's creation. In his sunny, light-filled pictures a color division across the canvas became a horizon line, and a cluster of squares became a group of houses. The spirit could wander in this created space as the body might in natural space.

But whatever interest the artist had in the concrete elements of landscape has dissolved, like them, into thin air. Absent from his new pictures are all signs of foreground, background, earth, sky, house or tree. Ippolito is now painting atmospheres, effulgences, pastel moods, the weather over his imaginary landscape. For despite the meteorological indications of the titles—*Dawn*, *Winter Sunset*, *Overcast*—and the relative truthfulness of the effects achieved, these paintings, like the landscapes, offer a created atmosphere. The hand may be the hand of Monet, but the voice is the voice of Turner.

The invocation of such illustrious names should not hide the fact that Ippolito is his own man. His new works have all of his habitual clarity and amplitude of color, qualities that he needed to carry off large pictures painted predominantly in yellows, grays or pinks. When Ippolito makes use of a broader palette, as in *Overcast*, the colors are reduced to delicate tones, resulting in a blossoming iridescence. The eye rests as easily on this bed of color as on a summer sky over the Ile de France.

Yet for all the boldness of the monochromatic, over-all approach, these pictures achieve a stylishness which is Ippolito's natural enemy. They will, in the proper setting, act as areas of pearly luminosity, creating effects with mere paint that are normally in the domain of the lighting expert. Make no mistake, this takes a bit of doing. But the glow of a work of art is something other than the effect of luminosity that skill and taste can conjure up.



Angelo Ippolito, *AUGUST*; at Bertha Schaefer.

In her first one-man show, Miriam Schapiro is showing three small and five large canvases at the Emmerich Gallery (March 1-31). These paintings reaffirm the abilities that were evident in her introduction to the large public at the Museum of Modern Art's New Talent exhibition last year.

Although her pictures develop their construction as she paints, after the fashion of Abstract Expressionism, her canvases are no mere receptacles of a series of gestures. They have themes, and her construction has a method. *Olympiad* has the same central column that serves as a vase in *Orange Bouquet*, and is topped by the same bouquet of color. *By the Sea*, *Fanfare* and *Soft Shoe* progress from filmy grounds to flat, clear areas which support the cluster of interwoven strokes and forms that is usually the focus of Miss Schapiro's pictures. *By the Sea* is the most open of this series; the theme here is space, and the canvas is gusty and fresh, with veritable volumes of air mingling with the remnants of a running figure. In *Fanfare* the theme is movement, and the canvas moves from the cool, designed, blue areas at the left to the warmly colored, looping and rushing forms at the right. This painting shows Miss Schapiro at the height of her present powers; in it she evolves a personal eloquence from a rich vocabulary of strokes and textures organized within a grammar of space.

A lack of selectivity in her abundant material and an insufficient science in her touch are two problems which confront Miss Schapiro. The correction of the former will add drama to her imagery; that of the latter will give authority to what are works of imagination and charm.

But all of her canvases, regardless of their other qualities, exhibit a health, an intelligence and a *joie de vivre* rare in the Abstract Expressionist school. Not a nasty color or a vicious stroke to be seen. Miss Schapiro manages to make works of grace, light and vivacity while using the same technics that so often result in clumsy, clotted and turgid painting. She did not invent the manner of Abstract Expressionism, but she may have discovered some of its better manners.



Miriam Schapiro, *BY THE SEA*; at André Emmerich.

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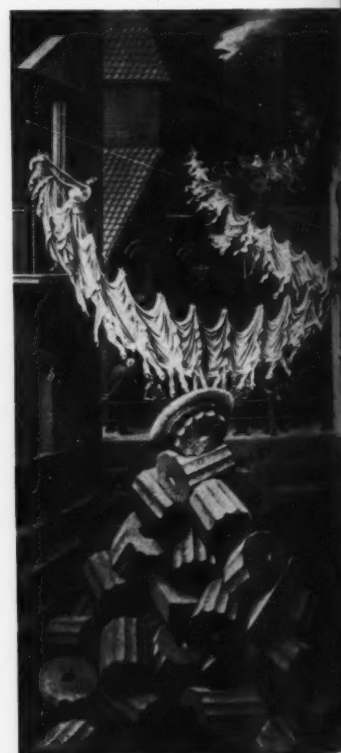
Paintings and their anticipatory sketches by Peter Blume . . . Nesch's contribution to Expressionism . . . Angna Enters' marked gain in technique . . . gratifying recent work by Margit B. . . an inward probing of French character in Dauchot's pieces . . .

PETER BLUME has been absent from the exhibition world for the past three years, a period obviously of intense concentration and creative maturation that has resulted in impressive canvases and a remarkable collection of sketches, both in oil and charcoal, of details of the large designs. Blume possesses the true draftsman's passion for drawing, and his work suggests that he has reached the point where the hand follows the mind's conception directly and unfalteringly. Among the many artists endowed with this passion for line, Ingres is of course an example that comes to mind, but he lacked, as have other devotees of draftsmanship, a passion for color. Blume appears to combine his verve for drawing with an equal fervor for color, so that the slightest minutiae of the large designs are exquisitely realized, yet subtly related to the total impression of the canvas. The large upright painting, *Passage to Etna*, is replete with symbolism and mystery. It may be recalled that the Greek colonists in Sicily invested this volcano with many legends, such as Jove's tucking away inside it the hundred-armed giants who rebelled against the Olympians, while Hephaistos labored away in one of its caverns making weapons for the gods. Here it rises in majesty from a wash of sea at its foot, where column sections are piled up, so ponderable that they seem to brace the weight of the mountain with all its paraphernalia of busy occupation spread over its sides. At its foot are catacombs, not the hasty sepulture often found in such ossuaries, but neatly arranged skeletal forms on shelves. In the figures busied in their everyday life on the precipitous slopes none is more effective than the young girl hauling out a line of washing by pulley and rope, a washing that is incredibly beautiful in hue and texture as it sways slightly in the breeze. And the entrancing play of color possesses a rhythmic unity in its fluctuating movement of plastic sequences. It would seem impossible to weave all the detail of figures, rocky surfaces and rich verdancy into a compositional unity that takes into account every modulation of surface and every bodily movement, yet the rhythmic flow is superbly sustained (Durlacher, Feb. 25-Mar. 22.)

THE widespread enthusiasm for German Expressionism, evoked by the Modern Museum's comprehensive exhibition and the numerous subsequent gallery showings, has copiously illustrated the movement and its important contributors. Yet no effort seems to have been made to emphasize the significance of the work of a contemporary artist who has been acclaimed in Europe as secondary only to Edvard Munch in graphic expressionism, Rolf Nesch. This omission is being remedied by an exhibition of Nesch's prints, loans from foreign and American sources, at the Meltzer Galleries, a tribute to the artist's sixty-fifth birthday. Nesch, born in Germany, entered the Dresden Academy of Art at an early age. While he was pursuing his studies in Italy, his career was interrupted by the War, in which he served until taken prisoner by the British. When he finally returned to Germany he began to study under Kirchner. He had already come under the influence of Munch, and this association with Kirchner now tended to confirm him in his métier as a graphic artist. Later escaping into Norway from Hitler's persecutions, he finally became a Norwegian citizen—a fact that caused him to be considered a Scandinavian artist. Munch had varied the arrangement of detail and color pattern in each of

his prints so that they became entirely separate, original expressions. Nesch followed the example, but went one step further. While Munch was content with varying arrangement in traditional materials, Nesch experimented with new methods and materials, imposing a series of color plates he obtained effects never previously achieved. In his varied collection of his works, the Expressionist attitude to art is obvious as a transcription of an inner response to the entire living world. Another phase makes itself especially in the mature works; there is visionary tracing of the regions lying between the conscious and the unconscious in the minds of men, revealing both the good and the evil latent in their depths. There is a light, fanciful side in this work, the strong up memories of a German childhood, with its legends of pixies and kobolds. Perhaps the confused memory of a Bible story accounts for the delightful print *Pharaoh's Bakers*, which the impressively robed baker supports with enormously elongated arms, a tray of birds, destined no doubt for the famous to "set before a king." All-enveloping atmosphere is the real dramatic persona of *Bathers*; a flight of sea gulls seems a crowding flock, while there is no sense of actual distance in the curving forms, only linear suggestion. An unusual effect of sculptural relief is sometimes gained by not only placing a weight on the printing press, but by further strapping it down—one of the artist's many devices to secure unusual effects (Meltzer, Mar. 3-20.)

Peter Blume, *PASSAGE TO ETNA*; at Durlacher Bros.



MISSA ENTERS' exhibition of recent paintings at the Newhouse Gallery shows a marked gain in technique since her previous exhibition at the same gallery a few years ago. Miss Enters no longer need enroll as an amateur, yet she has lost none of the spontaneity, the imaginative reshaping of vivid impression into pictorial terms, that has distinguished her work. In the present paintings the touch is surer than before, the concentration on design more evident. An indefatigable traveler, she has seized upon many picturesque themes. The impressions conveyed in such pictures as the Rialto Bridge, the white of the Parthenon perched upon the Acropolis or the scenes of the Paris parks and buildings are due to the power of total recall and an observant vision and to an imaginative shaping. An amusing conceit is *Château de Versailles*, in which details of numerous French châteaux form a single façade, where one may easily discover familiar architectural features. In contrast, the glimpse of the Renaissance gem *Azay-le-Rideau* gives a comical epitome of its character, approached by a lime-tree walk. The most unusual of the paintings is the figure of Proust, waving farewell to Colette, which Miss Enters has reconstructed from the description in one of Colette's books. The impeccable costume attributed to Proust is replaced here by careless negligence, the whole figure and intense face concentrated on his farewell gesture, which Colette states was a final one before he contacts with him. In the other works, perhaps the charm of the casually arranged bouquets of flowers should be emphasized. They reveal the artist's feeling for color and textures, and they are not conventional still lifes, but treasured gleanings from a personal garden. (Newhouse, Mar. 1-17.)

MARGIT BECK's recent paintings are a gratifying example of an artist deepening and strengthening her *oeuvre* through extension of the gifts that first made favorable impression in her work. Trial and error are always present in an artist's creative development, but in the present paintings one finds only a sense of a natural fulfillment of innate talents. There is no routine performance in the diversity both of themes and their handling. Two canvases mark wide contrast in theme and ensuing appropriate differences in development. A large canvas, *Procession*, shows an irregular seriation of heads, barely emerging from the waves of color that form the background of the painting. In contrast to this voluptuous color and rhythmic movement is the starkness of *Winter Landscape*, in which a few leafless trees are sparsely spaced in a world of snow and shadow. A city scene presents a congeries of differing forms of buildings and varied colors, forming a façade that seems to strain to hold the teeming life secreted beneath it. *Forest Fire* reveals an unchecked progress of devastation, the clouds of smoke stained with the inferno's color, like the breath of some rampant creature. (Contemporary Arts, Mar. 14-Apr. 14.)

MARCEL DAUCHOT's paintings of French scenes are carried out with a subtle re-creation of mood and atmosphere, in a richness of color that is never strident, but harmoniously related to the themes. The amusing little wagonette dashing along the Bois de Boulogne with its chic occupants is a masterpiece, yet its episodic character is secondary to its skillful arrangement of equipage and figures against the background of closed woods. While *Poet with Bowler Hat* is a burlesque, the *Bird Fancier* both in nature and costume might well be the old hunter of the Tuileries Gardens. It is more decorative effect in most of these paintings that makes impression. There is the in- and probing of character; such a characterization as the little figures of *Café Interior* outstanding. (Juster, Mar. 17-Apr. 5.)



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Central European Manuscripts: One of the most exciting events of the season is this magnificent display of manuscripts which includes some sixty religious and secular works from Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Bohemia and Hungary. They range in date from the eighth to the seventeenth century, and include books from such well-known monastic centers as St. Gall, Salzburg, Weingarten and Seitenstetten. The most outstanding of the Carolingian examples is the ninth-century Lindau Gospel, with its beautiful classical lettering in gold on purple ground, and its famous gold and jeweled cover which has two completely different styles on the front and the back, one showing the classical manner of the Carolingian renaissance, and the other the barbaric animal style and abstract enamel pictures of the eighth century. The climax of the book illuminations, at least from a modern point of view, comes with the Romanesque period. Outstanding among these is the eleventh-century Gospels from the Abbey of St. Peter's in Salzburg, in which the life of Christ and the Evangelists is portrayed in a profoundly moving style with intensified facial expression, flattened bodies, and bright reds, blues and purples against a gold or silver ground. From the twelfth century, the most beautiful book is the Weingarten Gradual and Missal of Hainricus Sacrista in which scenes from the life of Christ are rendered in an abstract style with an animated line and bright colors against gold. The thirteenth-century Gospels from the Abbey of Seitenstetten in Austria are characteristic of the Gothic style with its greater naturalism and its emphasis on movement and detail, while the thirteenth-century Weingarten Missal of Abbot Berthold reflects the Byzantine influence which made itself felt at this time. There are outstanding examples of books from the fourteenth century, the last phase of this art. Typical is the tiny Life of St. Benedict from Klosterneuburg, with its delicate use of line and grisaille coloring, and the delightful historical Bible from Swabia. In addition to the books there are related objects such as gold and enameled cups, reliquaries, sculptures, painted panels and elaborately decorated book bindings, one of which includes relics of great value. (Morgan Library, Dec. 17-Apr. 12.)—H.M.

Richard Diebenkorn: This exhibition, Diebenkorn's first since 1955, when his landscapes were couched in Abstract Expressionist terms, offers New Yorkers the first full-scale view of his recent figurative paintings. We have been prepared for them by information of the traveling exhibition that originated at the Oakland Art Museum (see ARTS for December, 1957), and if black-and-white catalogue reproductions are acceptable guides, he is certainly the best of the Western group. Two qualities evident in the present show strengthen this observation—and suggest, moreover, that whatever kinship his work may have to a group (a group that could include "avant-garde" figurative painters in New York as well), he is, at his best, very much on his own.

One of these qualities was evident in the earlier, abstract landscapes, and it seems to be part of Diebenkorn's equipment as a painter. It shows his hand whatever the mode of the painting, and in the end defines an aspect of his style. It is the way he manipulates paint: broadly, directly and openly, involving and using experimentation, and concluding with a settlement that appears both spontaneous and inevitable. This could be a description of the appearance of much Abstract Expressionist painting, and it is true that Diebenkorn's figurative works claim "avant-garde" status with just such a resemblance. The other singular aspect of these paintings, and one that presents itself all the more strongly in light of the first, is the painter's evident engagement with human figures—he isolates them, poses them formally, makes them stiff-postured, taut-faced, sits them well forward in the canvas against a sweep of landscape that is made of forms similar to those earlier landscapes. It is when this sense of the isolated figure is strongest—when his figures are meaningful—that the present paintings are at their best; when the attitude of the figure is not clear, the painting goes soft and recalls, especially, illustrations by "famous artists" for *Seventeen* magazine stories. And it is important, furthermore, to note that in the successful paintings, when the painter's engagement with his subject is evident, Diebenkorn realizes paintings in a way that he never did in the abstract landscapes. For it is inevitable that the figurative paintings of an ex-Expressionist of

any sort will be used in some quarters as pawns in a battle for the recapture of American realism. But a "return" for Diebenkorn is a particular journey of his talent and his nature to a mode of painterly expression that he finds more viable; the qualities that distinguish him make his destination a private one, not part of a general crusade. (Poindexter, Feb. 24-Mar. 22.)—A.V.

Alexander Calder: Nine "wallmobiles" level sight to the horizontal and are the most occasional in this current display of grins in steel. Among them, the *One Who Vomits*, red-faced and Dadaesque, would seem to be earnestly manipulating four lollipop spheres rather than spewing forth metallic indigestibles. Down on the ground, with six black "stables," Calder is closer to distinctive comment, *Seven-Footed Beast* being as foliate and fleeting as the greenery of Matisse. *Long Nose*, equally multitudinous and trimly alert, is capable of surrounding, while Tamayo gets a brief but tense examination in *The Dog* and erupts with a fair degree of persistent vigor. Flanged, curved, simply fitted, Calder's work is, nonetheless, evasive sculpture for the space age—biding its time, mirthing away, asking to be petted—intent on therapy and not research. (Perls, Feb. 10-Mar. 8.)—R.W.D.

Sidney Gross: The authority of patient work shows in all these large oils with their refinements of brushwork, their soft and often beautiful transitions of color. In *Flight*, arcs and splinters of white sketch out a structure that interacts with areas of rich blue-grays and blacks. *Vertex* is the stunning success of the exhibition. Its large cloudlike forms are counterpointed by a minimum of structuring in terms of the small black arcs and arrows that point up directions, suggest rhythms. The color, too, is wonderfully handled with its soft accents and gentle changes—the whites that shade off into light yellows and blues, billowing the forms, the clear, airy blues that deepen into greens. It is, in all respects, a fine performance. (Rehn, Mar. 3-22.)—J.R.M.

Mark Rothko: The shapes that crowd these canvases, blunt clouds of black or red, are generous and ample. Set against a variety of reddish terra cotta, ember reds, ripe, purplish cherry reds—or a clear intense blue, they seem to be ordered for the complete initial view. There are no eccentricities to carry the eye off into distracting adventures, only the simple shapes that feather off vaguely at their edges.



Richard Diebenkorn, GIRL AND THREE COFFEE CUPS; at Poindexter Gallery.

Sidney Gross, VERTEX; at Rehn Gallery.



moving gently in areas of color that subtly deepen or grow brighter. In *Black over Red*, the black cloud in a field of red hovers over two large strips of red, one that brightens and rises to the surface, the other cooler, gently withdrawn. This basic language of forms and colors, with its pertinent variations, pervading all the work, seems to imply states of being rather than any modes of action and exuberance. (Janis, Jan. 27-Feb. 24.)—J.R.M.

Lester Johnson: In a recent speech at the Artists' Club, Johnson explained, "To me my paintings are action paintings—paintings that move across the canvas, that don't balance or set but flow like time with no stop or start." His works (which are planned in preliminary attempts, but themselves painted in two or three hours and then either accepted as final or discarded) fully justify his description. Not only is the movement fast, excited, sometimes a series of scrawls, but the impasto is like a thick sap escaping as though from its own peculiar essence. In *Street Scene* activity is at a high pitch, the flow of time forcefully evoked; the snow-encrusted slanting men are recognizably lonely, isolated, bitter, and at the same time compelled to move as they do, all in one direction. Johnson's gift is a mysterious one. He suggests meaning without being literal. His large masses are so placed on the canvas that they are emotionally right—balanced and awry at once, economical and meaningful, as in *Family Portrait*; startling in sudden emergence of color from behind dark masses, as in *Still Life*, where a white-paged book lies open and surprisingly sensuous amidst the orange-glimmering darkness while a vivid green window is suspended above. (Zabriskie, Mar. 3-29.)—E.G.

Three Painters as Printmakers: The artists in this provocative show are as dissimilar as possible—the great revolutionary French Cubist, Braque; the lyrical Italian modern classicist, Morandi; and the fanciful and spontaneous Spaniard, Miró. By far the largest section is devoted to Braque, who is represented not only by his prints, sixty in all, but by some of his oils and sculptures as well. The early Cubist dry points, such as the *Fox* of 1912, are similar to his Analytical Cubist paintings, showing the same sense of formal structure and classical restraint. Very different is the color lithograph *Glass and Fruit Dish*, which reflects Braque's Synthetic Cubist style in its soft colors and natural shapes. The high point of Braque's graphic

art comes between 1945 and 1955. In contrast to the earlier periods, the prints are no longer merely by-products of his painting but have a vigorous and independent life of their own. Particularly fine are the prints with classical motifs, such as the color lithograph *Io* with its Cycladic forms, and the still lifes like *Gray Teapot with Lemons*. Morandi is more limited than Braque, and his narrower range is even more evident in his graphic work than in his paintings. All his prints are etchings in black and white, the subjects mostly still life, the style meticulous, with the lines themselves suggesting light and color. At their best, his prints have a delicate poetry and a sense of geometric structure which one finds rewarding in a minor key. Miró, working rapidly and using bright and varied colors and large formats, has made over two hundred lithographs, dry points, etchings and woodcuts, most of them since 1944, as well as an even larger number of illustrated books and posters. His artistic level is extremely erratic (even this selection includes some very weak works), yet at his best Miró can be delightful, creating a dream world of captivating *Sun Eaters* and *Acrobats in the Garden at Night*. (Museum of Modern Art, Jan. 29-Mar. 18.)—H.M.

Lyonel Feininger: The awesome vastness of Feininger's watercolors is an intriguing phenomenon because the paintings themselves are so modest in size and so delicately rendered. Perhaps this sense of infinite expansion is enhanced by the use of the slightly irregular frame within a frame, establishing a special aperture through which one views the universe as through a telescopic lens. The minuscule figures and ships which the artist frequently introduces also emphasize the scale of their surroundings; and the fact that the lines which give structure to Feininger's space are not solid, but are continuously broken, almost like dotted lines, is likewise relevant to this effect, since they can be read as disappearing or dwindling rather than ending.

This exhibition of watercolors from Feininger's later years offers abundant examples of the artist's unique ability to achieve a maximum effect through a reduction to the barest essentials; there is significance in the slightest variation of a wash, and the lightest stroke of the pen is vital to the whole. Looking at such outstanding works as *Bright* (1950) or *Clouds over the Baltic* (1949), one is conscious of the motivating "rage for order," the necessity to view the universe in terms of logical structure of the

whole rather than to focus on the disorder and chaos which claim the currently prevailing tendency. (Willard, Mar. 6-Apr. 12.)—M.S.

Jack Youngerman: Rife with the innuendoes of Matisse's last years and with the bare, energetic bones of Boccioni, these huge, broadly troweled palette simplicities suggest the swift glissando of ripped leaves, or they bristle with crab claws, or penetrate deeply like a Rorschach test for an industrial psyche. And yet each canvas is discrete, finished and calm, as if the huge applications of paint wished to speak for themselves in simple, spontaneously unaggressive emotionality. Their pigments are applied on backgrounds either white or black, and yet the reading may be effected in as many ways as there is color. Further, although both are in obvious appearance, neither light nor design is of the essence, and the implicit danger of the decorative is nowhere invoked.

Self-taught, Mr. Youngerman has spent nine years in France, where he designed for the theater. This, his first American appearance, shows him to be a precise and finished geometer of the unconscious archipelago. His happenings leave the viewer with much work to be done, but a few moments' absorption before each canvas will magnificently reward. (Parsons, Mar. 10-29.)—R.W.D.

Old Masters: The eighteenth century, so much neglected in the last decades, is beginning to be rediscovered—a revival which will no doubt be furthered by this exhibition. The most outstanding works on display are the magnificent tapestries woven (after designs by Boucher) at the Royal Beauvais manufactory around 1750. In their elegance and grace, these scenes of make-believe shepherdesses and their companions express the spirit of the Rococo at its most charming. Especially fine, among the sculptures, is Houdon's bust of Mirabeau. Among the eighteenth-century British portraits, Raeburn's study of the Harrower family combines the elegance and virtuosity of the British School with a directness and honesty of his own. Wilson's hazy view of *Lake Avernus*, a poetic picture painted in soft tones, is particularly notable among the landscapes. (Duveen, Feb. 1-Mar. 31.)—H.M.

William Dole: The conciseness of the forms, the tastefulness of the color in these watercolors and collages make this a distinctive first showing here by a California artist. Of the



Lester Johnson, FAMILY PORTRAIT; at Zabriskie Gallery.

Jack Youngerman, ELEGY FOR PIERRE CAHN; at Betty Parsons Gallery.





Childe Hassam, *MRS. HASSAM'S GARDEN*; at Milch Galleries.

Marjorie di Lascia, *PRISONERS*; at Tanager Gallery.



successes one would want to mention *Atlantic No. 1*, with its large, open rectangular shapes, and the collage, *Caravana*. In the drawings which are also on view, and particularly in the Italian street scenes, he develops a technique which seems akin to overexposure in photography; only the most salient darks appear—the edge of a building, the square of a window. When these images are translated in terms of painting, it gives the work a kind of classical austerity. (Duveen-Graham, Feb. 18-Mar. 8.)—J.R.M.

Childe Hassam: Many of these paintings, Long Island scenes done late in the artist's life (he died in 1935), have not been exhibited before, and they come upon the winter scene with an exhilarating freshness. They are, at their best, green views of sunny gardens, of the *Tulip Tree in Bloom*, and of *Pond Lilies*. It's a thalo green, one imagines, hard and clean, and used with an energetic brightness to define, particularly, the many-pointed spatula shape of the tulip tree's leaf. In *Mrs. Hassam's Garden*, a gray tree-bench is seen, on it red apples, a bouquet and a bright scarf (an attractive presence off stage). Beyond the sturdy trunk is a horizontal of fronds, then a rocking chair in farther greenery. It is actually not Impressionism that we have here, but something akin to Van Gogh, an all-over intensity of the different-directed stroking and an architectural composition. And when one remembers the asylum-garden scenes of Van Gogh's last calm, the comparison seems quite just. But Hassam's garden was not ever a prison, and his paintings are handsome expressions of well-being. (Milch, Feb. 10-Mar. 8.)—A.V.

Charles Schucker: The idea at the core of each of Schucker's large canvases bathed in dazzling color is the fundamental concept of the perpetual state of flux into which all matter is absorbed. The literal-mindedness with which he seeks to interpret this theme makes one long for smaller truths or even half-truths in place of constant confrontation with the dissolving universe. Each lustrous color area flows softly into the next; partial forms emerge and disappear; light is the only stable element, yet the whole is strangely static and frozen. The elegance and ease of the paint-handling give these canvases distinction, and the seriousness and scope of the artist's intention are eminently worthy. (Passedoit, Mar. 10-Apr. 5.)—M.S.

Louise Nevelson Etchings: In the graphic work of a sculptor, especially of one whose excellence has been so recently made overwhelm-

ingly apparent (in her "Moon Garden + 1" exhibition in January at Grand Central Moderns), it is inevitable that we anticipate and seek relationships between the artist's graphic mode and those visual pleasures that have so delighted us in the sculpture. These relationships are to be found, although most of the etchings were done in 1953, and the sculptures recently seen are of a later date. One of the obvious comparisons is Mrs. Nevelson's tendency to enclose the area of design in the etchings with a drawn frame, as she boxes in areas in her sculpture, and to arrange within the irregular frame a world of shapes, which are themselves white grounds for the further—and innermost—action of a sharp black line. This similarity is heightened by the shapes themselves: trees that would, in three dimensions, be made of a vertical with graduated horizontal crossbars, and animal figures whose jagged edges and impromptu quality recall the broken ends of wood used in the *Cathedral Wall* sculpture. And the pervading feeling is, as with the black sculptures, of darkness, although here the darks—either black or dense gray—surround the objects, which surface out of it, or more appropriately, are formed by the darkness that cuts around them and into them. But the essential differences are here, too. The most obvious is the emphatic flatness of the surface, for except in the *Royalty* series (two heads, a king and a queen) and *Ancient Splendor*, no volumes are indicated. And we are here acquainted with her drawing; a fine example of it is the sun face over the garden, in which she shows herself able to make vital again a symbol as old as the moon. (Stuttman, Mar. 5-29.)—A.V.

Gérard Schneider: Although this well-known Parisian artist uses canvas-sized calligraphic signs as the central motif of his paintings, there is little Oriental reticence in the development of his themes. The "sign" is neither hung in space *à la Hartung* nor, as in the case of Soulages, the painter with whom Schneider is most closely associated, is it carried back into space in the traditional planar organization of Western painting; it becomes instead the culmination of flourishing sweeps of his paint-loaded brush. The thick, tarry black areas which reveal the directional force and pressure of each stroke ride on an all-over surface of ridges and hollows of paint, which are in themselves an integral part of the architecture of each canvas. There is a full play of tone and the tactile qualities of the medium. The tones range from the blacks to flashes of pure yellow and white which act as

illuminations within the darker areas. In these recent paintings Schneider has happily limited the hues of each canvas to a specific range; particularly successful are the predominantly red pictures in which the black areas—the "signs"—also function as the center of a flame which "lights" the other areas of the canvas. (Kootz, Mar. 11-29.)—B.B.

Marjorie di Lascia: In these figurative paintings with their paleness, their soft blues and grays, their tints of rose and brown flesh, color occurs as a kind of seduction, a problem to be handled carefully. The primary tension of the painting derives from the problem of modeling the figure and yet keeping it continuous with the space which it inhabits. The figure is not a discrete entity firmly set in an illusory space but, as in the best of the paintings—the *Prisoners* series—an event that realizes itself, tentatively, again and with the ground in which it occurs. In these paintings, the sketchiness of the figure, the merging of pale tints and hues, create a composition that is subtle in its forms and movements. Where bolder color is used, as in *Deposition*, with its brilliant pinks and blues, it presents itself as a diversion from more stern and stricter disciplines. (Tanager, Mar. 21-Apr. 10.)—J.R.M.

Anton Refregier: In this group of oils and gouaches, Refregier demonstrates his persistent concern with such elemental human experiences as pregnancy, maternity, love, despair. His activity as a muralist, however, seems to temper the success of this work. Too often, the wan, fragile quality of his solemn, introspective figures is incongruously combined with a simple, monumental structure which is at odds with both the scale and the privacy of easel painting, and the colors, too, with their chalky blues, pinks and tans, would look more appropriate in large frescoes. Occasionally, as in *Distress*, Refregier achieves a more potent and compact statement, but generally these works are curiously bland, suggesting ideas for murals or posters and not pictures in their own right. (A.C.A., Feb. 24-Mar. 15.)—R.R.

Paul Flora: Flora's pen is his weapon, and he wields it with the grace of an expert swordsman in the service of his highly original wit. This exhibition of satirical drawings marks the introduction of the Austrian's work to this country, and it should be enthusiastically received, especially by admirers of Saul Steinberg, since both men work in a similar vein. Flora's favorite target is the military, but a number of other

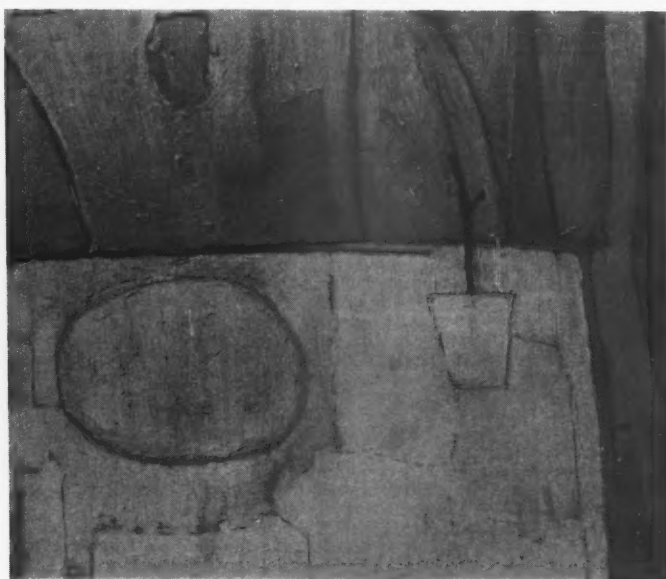
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David Hare, SEATED FIGURE; at Kootz Gallery.

Rudolf Baranik, SPRING; at Roko Gallery.



subjects, including Abstract Expressionism, are not left unscathed, while he also ventures into the realms of pure fantasy and whimsy. He works with absolute precision and the most economical of means and is capable of many a linear tour de force—as anyone who attempts to draw a series of bicycles, one beyond the other, will realize. As a sampling of this work one might mention *The Battle of the Frigates*, in which each warring ship becomes quite literally a battleship of a woman, grim, bespectacled, ample-chested; or *Baroque Warriors*, all flowing moustaches, plumes and ribbons (plenty of froth and no sinew); or *Gala Loge*, in which a tiny dignitary is nearly lost amid layers of ornate trappings. (Este, Mar. 7-25.)—M.S.

David Hare: The interest in a somewhat more traditional concept of the figure which demonstrated itself in Hare's last exhibition has now produced a whole gallery full of beautiful, solid and gently modeled nudes. All of them have a fine air of sensuousness and ease about them that is perhaps most fully realized in the *Seated Figure*, with its soft, sloping rhythms, its graceful forms, its intricacy of pose. Other works create an odd ambivalence; the arm seen from one angle becomes a leg seen from another, as the figure gently shifts its pose. The device, however, does not concentrate on an effect of strangeness, but seems, rather, to be used almost unobtrusively as a means for sustaining a sense of movement within the figure itself. Together with the sculptures a series of direct, simple and often beautifully effective drawings of the figure are being shown. (Kootz, Jan. 28-Feb. 15.)—J.R.M.

Contemporary Korean Painting: It is good news that concurrent with the exhibition of ancient Korean art a show of contemporary Korean painting is being held. The group comprises sixty-three works including oils, ink scrolls, gouaches and woodcuts. Most of them, with the exception of an occasional Korean subject and a preference for dark tonalities, seem merely to reflect the School of Paris both in its realistic and abstract phase. The only oil which achieves some kind of fusion between Korean motives and modern abstraction is Kim Whanki's *Korean Landscape* showing an abstractly rendered Korean temple and mountains against a vast blue space. More typically Oriental are the hanging scrolls executed in Chinese ink with a little color, such as Kim Ki-chang's powerful *Loquat* which recalls the work of the great Chinese contemporary Chi Pai-shih. The mixture of old and new is evident in Park No-soo's *Rock and Flute*,

which combines traditional Oriental landscape painting with abstraction, and in the wood blocks with their bold design and strong contrasts between flat areas of black and white. (World House, Feb. 25-Mar. 22.)—H.M.

Boris Margo: The formal means of most of these paintings—nervous, threaded lines of color that have the look of graphs of sound waves and vibrations—are carried from painting to painting with a knowledgeable variety and consistent painterliness. In *From Meteor Paths* vapor trails of intense reds, yellows and whites streak upward in a narrow vertical expanse, and in *Photic Concord* the hovering pale greens and blues shift and change like the play of an aurora borealis. In *Intervals*, one of the notable successes of the exhibition, a night of deep blues is punctuated by bands of silvery white. Following its New York showing, the work will be on view (Mar. 18-Apr. 22) at the Baltimore Museum of Art. (Parsons, Jan. 6-25.)—J.R.M.

Mario Negri: This exhibition of bronzes introduces to New York the work of the forty-two-year-old Milanese sculptor Negri. It is only recently that Negri, who studied architecture, has devoted himself entirely to sculpture; however, he has evolved a full-fledged personal style which relates in concept more than appearance to the work of other contemporary Italians. His work does not present itself with a forceful impact but is rather understated, subtle in both execution and implication. His figures, which are for the most part small in size, bear the same relation to the antique as do the works of Marini and Manzù, but have a pronounced individual character. Most of the figures have a column-like simplicity within which planes shift almost imperceptibly to give an irregular silhouette and lead the eye around the piece. Among those works which have a more open, Baroque profile are the butterfly-like *Samurai* and the large, dramatically winged portrait bust with its half-formed or half-eroded head. (Borgenicht, Mar. 10-29.)—M.S.

Jane Braswell Crawford: In her second exhibition in New York this young painter presents a series of enormous canvases insistently abstract and so successful in overcoming a sense of gravity that one feels the gallery should—following the *succès de scandale* of one of the 57th Street salons in recent years—hang them on the ceiling. These paintings not only make no concession to gravity, but to no other force; they are paintings about painting, or more specifically

about the effects of the palette knife. Composed entirely of the inner relationships of their multiplicity, these canvases comprise an infinite variation of form. A monochrome painting in browns, with very subtle purple accentuations, demonstrates that even under the most austere conditions the vitality of the palette knife itself can create an entire realm of sensibility, and that a whole world can still be created out of one color. (Widdifield, Mar. 4-29.)—B.B.

Rudolf Baranik: Many attractions come to mind as one views five years of this Lithuanian-born painter's work, but chiefly those of classical restraint, granitic solidity, geometric lyricism, and rewardingly ponderable form. *Sleeping Dryad*, a comatose precision of rough, cambium-surfaced shapes elicited in cold, dun colors, appears to be Baranik's most intimate signature, although he can, with equal conviction, dot his name in *Studio*, a large work which with *Lamp-light* often recalls Grippi's collages. An analysis of the artist's "pregnant disorder," it has great penetration and agreeable light. Baranik is, however, more readily approachable in simpler spatial manipulations; this reviewer found himself several times pausing before the more fluidly stroked white and yellow *Spring*, whose table, plate, bare tumbler and branch overleaped their rapid Buffet layout to define vigorously that certain sense of April's early, urgent, yet pathetically illusive light. The canvas is Baranik's distinctive measurement of space—analytical but not cold, somber but not grieving, convinced but still open to youthful wonderment. (Roko, Mar. 3-27.)—R.W.D.

Randall Morgan: These are pleasant, peaceful-looking paintings, their careful simplification of architectural forms against the landscapes of either Positano or Manhattan (he can recall the land beneath) achieved with an essentially Cubist interpretation and color muted to an antique tone. This sense of calm, enduring order is strongest in *Mediterranean Terrace*, in which an expanse of blue-green sea lies beyond the gray-white terrace, whose furniture is sharpened by dark blue-gray accents. *Red Domes* is another such view, and a painting in which Morgan abandons to a greater extent his Cubist understructure, to the advantage of his personal expression. (Borgenicht, Feb. 17-Mar. 8.)—A.V.

Lawrence Kupferman: As flawless as cut and polished gems, the paintings of Lawrence Kupferman offer fluid and amorphous approximations of nature crystallized beneath an elegant

IN THE GALLERIES

veneer. The media, generally watercolor or the more brittle polyvinyl-acetate tempera, are carefully controlled so that even the dribble or blurred watery edges bespeak a studied exactitude rather than a spontaneous gesture. The mood of shifting seasons is the subject toward which the artist's admirable skills are most frequently directed, while color and tempo are the means through which summer's languor or autumn's quickening sharpness is conveyed. More ambitious and more architectural in its composition is the large work in oil and encaustic, *The Structures of the Heart*, which suggests the rhythmic pulsing of organic forms. (White, Mar. 4-29.)—M.S.

John Koeh: The striking realism of these paintings, their ardor for fashionable life remind one quite often of Sargent, not only for their subject matter but for their treatment as well. The sloping light of evening plunges into a room discovering the deep pile of a rug, the luxuriant fabric of a chair. In *Music*, a figure sits behind the piano in a splendidly cool white room, backed by a collection of classical *objets d'art*. But the facility here is capable of a sensuality that was not so evident in Sargent; one sees it in *Morning*, where the light glides erotically over the bed to the crumpled pillow, glowing about a tousled head. The realistic technique seems to be the vehicle for a dream of ultimate civilization, the world of *The Cocktail Party*, with its handsome, well-mannered men and women engaged in conversation, in whose voices, if they should speak, one would be almost certain to hear the sound of money. (Kraushaar, Feb. 17-Mar. 8.)—J.R.M.

Henry Koerner: A series of straightforward paintings of Utica, N.Y., which might be any Hometown, U.S.A., with traffic-clogged streets, ugly municipal architecture, women shopping and children roller-skating, offer a sharp contrast to the pessimistic symbolic canvases of Koerner's bitter postwar years. These paintings are wholesome, almost frighteningly so; no jarring note, no attempt at dramatization disrupts their noonday tranquility, and we are permitted to contemplate our national self-portrait with equanimity. The artist's style too has changed radically; the tight brushwork and exact duplication of detail have given way to a loose, free brushing and Impressionistic use of broken color and reflected light. Koerner's former preoccupation with symbolism lingers, however, in one canvas in which a nude woman is shown industriously working at her sewing machine; the wingspread of a dark bird is visible behind her head, and a squirrel peers out from under the material. Although the significance is unclear, at least the painting tells us that he does not dwell exclusively in a Milton world. (Midtown, Feb. 18-Mar. 15.)—M.S.

Paul Feeley: Intuited natural forms are debatably evoked from curiously ambivalent shapes brushed as briefly as Avery's, and in colors as mordant as Diebenkorn's. *Nautilus'* yellowed suspension shows no desire to merge with its seemingly disparate ameboid counterpart, yet both tensely margin the painting's essential pink passage, timidly withdrawing from contact as the bare ground perceptively intrudes. The huge works alternately recede when they glow and glow when they recede, thus presenting numerous readings in the emotional subsoil whose titles may perhaps be forked up by a closer absorption in gravity-defying turpentine runs. These extremely interesting labors defy existing categories, although an excursion into the corpus O'Keeffe may conditionally trigger the same response. (De Nagy, Feb. 18-Mar. 8.)—R.W.D.

James Harvey: *Procession*, a closely argued abstraction, is the only inclusion reminiscent of Mr. Harvey's two previous appearances. His current sampling (the result of a Fulbright tour through the Middle East) shows him to be more expansively gestured, as if he were subjecting certain small areas of earlier work to closer scrutiny in a larger frame. The movement is still predominantly horizontal, still cautious about abusive vigor, still slow yet persistent in its appeal, while his palette has been judiciously enriched by a

concern for deeper hues. *Lake Fayum*, perceived through musty-yellow reeds, glitters (perhaps overly so) in darkly outlined blues. Usually, however, Harvey elicits his suggestions through large, uncomplicated swatches of broad color, and is after broad statement and not illusive nuance. His inventiveness, dramatic tone and remarkably increased scope place him close to being a talent of considerable importance. (Parma, Mar. 17-Apr. 5.)—R.W.D.

Jane Freilicher: Color itself seems to be the subject of Miss Freilicher's latest series of landscapes, interiors and still lifes. She uses an unembarrassed beautiful palette—of delicate whites, lilacs and pure primary colors—which is a joy to the eye. Each color is brought to its full intensity by the painter's clarity in execution. If it were not for the solidity of composition these "scenes" could be called sketches in paint: oil is used with all the assurance of watercolor. There are no layers of overpainting, no indications of hesitation. Each stroke is a complete act. And although the spatial intervals of these canvases are related by echoing oval and rectangular shapes, it is the varying densities of the hues which provide the major compositional pattern. (De Nagy, Mar. 17-Apr. 5.)—B.B.

Harold Baumbach: The change that has taken place in Baumbach's painting during the last five years has been a matter of gradual evolution and logical progression rather than abrupt transition. The dappled Intimist interiors in the Vuillard tradition gave way to less constrained paint-handling and more expansive outdoor spaces as well as brighter and bolder color, while reference to subject matter diminished in significance. The canvases in the present exhibition would certainly come under the heading of abstractions; yet each seems in its structure to have been adapted from a specific view of a landscape or perhaps a garden which gave the painting its initial impetus, but which is totally submerged at the finish. The brushing here has become less rhythmic and more various and freely expressive, while color is entirely released from nature's bondage and applied in a profusion of vivid hues. (Barone, Mar. 3-29.)—M.S.

William Baziotas: The subtlety of color is one of the most engaging aspects of this world of ameboid and animalcule forms that dance, suspended, in oceans of pinkish-brown and mossy gray-green. It is a world, somewhat private, on which a great deal of skill, tact and knowledgeability are brought to bear. In their exacting balances of form, their soft modulations of color, the paintings are always beautifully "turned out." But even with *White Bird*, one of the most striking illustrations of Baziotas' talent, one is aware that the painting so readily yields up what it has to give in so short a time. As an exposition of skill, however, it is totally effective. (Kootz, Feb. 18-Mar. 8.)—J.R.M.

Masters of Two Dynasties: All the various kinds of Chinese paintings are well evidenced in this small but representative show of pictures from the Ming and Ch'ing periods. Most appealing to our modern taste perhaps is Chu Ta, with his bold ink painting of *Lotus Flowers*. Among the literati painters represented, the most famous is Shen Chou, whose scene of a river beneath trees and mountains is typical of the Chinese love for nature. The painting of Wen Cheng-ming shows the detailed and colorful style of the academic artists, although this particular work seems more likely to be a school piece than an original. The favorite subject of Chinese painters, that of the tiny figure of a scholar in his hut at the foot of towering mountains, is well illustrated in several of the scrolls, most notably in the pictures by the Ch'ing painter Wang Hui, who uses a rather hard, overly detailed style, and the monk Hung Jen, whose abstractly conceived landscape has something almost Cubist in its emphasis on structure. (Mi Chou, Feb. 25-Mar. 22.)—H.M.

Contemporary Drawings and Prints: Matta makes studies and sketchbook notes for his landscapes of the subconscious just as a more con-



Georgia O'Keeffe, *LIGHT COMING ON THE PLAINS III*; at Downtown Gallery.

ventional artist might make drawings from nature to be incorporated in a larger final work. In some ways these drawings, three of which are included here, are preferable to Matta's oils because of the directness with which the imagination spurs the pencil and the absence of contrivance and pyrotechnical display often manifest in the paintings. These drawings are the most interesting items the show has to offer; there are in addition characteristic drawings and lithographs by Giacometti, several Picasso lithographs, including one of circus performers tendered as a reminiscence of the blue period, and representative works by a number of other artists. (Moskin, Feb. 25-Mar. 22.)—M.S.

Georgia O'Keeffe: Although these watercolors derive from the period 1916-18, one is constantly surprised by their freshness as well as by the fact that in one or two cases they predate styles that are currently being taken as up-to-the-minute modern. The work falls into a series of groups in which fairly literal landscapes undergo a process of reduction into the simplest of elements; the banded blues, greens, reds and yellows of the "Evening Star" series become more and more simplified, the reds and yellows roll up into concentric circles, the greens and blues occur as swift notations. So too, in the series "Light Coming on the Plains," the arches of various blue and green are reduced to cool strips of color. Also on view are a striking group of nude studies in which the figure, rather than being apprehended by line, seems to be produced out of recurrent washes of soft flesh tones. (Downtown, Feb. 25-Mar. 22.)—J.R.M.

Morris Gluckman: Gluckman is one of the many dedicated artists who, despite little encouragement, continue to paint steadily over the years. Now a man in his sixties, he is showing a group of pictures which should bring him wider recognition. Although the point of departure is always nature, whether landscape, figure or still life, the subject is secondary; it is the beauty of the abstract arrangement which is all-important. Using a combination of India ink and watercolor handled with great skill, the artist achieves some very singular effects. Particularly fine is *Oriental*, a landscape in which a sensitive calligraphic line is used against a blue, yellow and orange ground. *Winter Stillness* is a subtle arrangement of broad lines and squares of opaque watercolor with a few delicate thin lines in ink. Bolder and more forceful is *Composition I*, a Cubist picture with vibrant blues, browns and blacks integrated into a flat geometric design. Other works, like the large still life with fruit

painted in ink against greens and yellows, are more representational, but all of them show the same lyrical and sensitive spirit. (Crespi, Feb. 25-Mar. 8.)—H.M.

Five California Painters: The five, who are represented in Los Angeles by the Landau Gallery, are painters whose works have been shown at either national or international exhibitions; three of them teach in California, and two are in residence at the American Academy in Rome. But for all that, only two of them looked good in the present context: Robert Irwin and James Jervaise. Irwin's untitled oils are meetings and passages of broad-stroked forms in which a strong vertical or horizontal structure is observed, defining the movement about it. Jervaise's dark-ground oil-and-collages, with their determined awkwardness—*Tea Time*, *Windy Day* and *La Chambre*, among them—are authentic in their imagery and possessed of a certain nervy style; their éclat is heartening, though a sense of it may be heightened by the rather melancholy company. Comprising such, for example, is John Paul Jones's *Double Portrait in Gray* (a mother and child quite suitably gray, except for disturbingly red-tinged faces), *Woman* (bony, against black) and other works in a dry, dark and somehow moody vein; Leon Goldin's *Buried Flutist* and *Fire Eater*, strongly worked out to begin with, but shattered by trite definition of faces; and Jack Zajac's heavily indistinct and sweet-colored *Startled Hunter* and *Resurrection*. (Heller, Feb. 18-Mar. 8.)—A.V.

Marta Leon and Sergio Castillo: Marta Leon, a Chilean sculptor, shows works that vary in materials (iron, peperine stone, marble) and quality. Her stone sculptures, though heavily weighted, are given a certain grace by the sharply accentuated curving edges of planes, and in her iron sculpture she emphasizes her interest in line itself. But it is in the drawings that she is able to employ line most fully, and they are, therefore, her most successful ventures. Sergio Castillo, also a Chilean, works in several materials as well, and his sculptural interest changes with the nature of the material. While his *Seated Woman* (ceramic) is folksy-looking, his *Bird* (marble) is highly sophisticated, related in its imagery to Brancusi's. A sense of somewhat defeating eclecticism is further confirmed by his splashy drawings, very much after Matisse, and having little apparent relevance to his sculptures. (Sudamericana, Jan. 27-Feb. 8.)—A.V.

Thomas Young: Working directly in welded metal, this young artist displays a remarkable flexibility and inventiveness in his use of the medium, brazing it to a richly colored and glowing finish and finding new avenues through which to explore its expressive possibilities. A series of figures entitled *Princess* range from the strictly ceremonial to a blithe abandoning of

John Paul Jones, *DOUBLE PORTRAIT*; at Heller Gallery.



regal dignity, all of them highly ornamental with their decorative encrustations of various molten metals. These pieces are not laden with significance, but pertain to a pleasurable world of fantasy in which knights are courtly and bold in their shining armor and princesses are dazzling and radiant as fairy-tale princesses should be. (Sculpture Center, Mar. 2-21.)—M.S.

Kathe Kollwitz: The theme which has always been associated with Kollwitz's long career—a profound *Miserere* that was social rather than religious in its intentions—had, in her hands, a forceful and dramatic realization. It can be seen in this exhibition of her graphic works and drawings in its almost brutal, symbolic isolation—Death seizing upon the startled young woman or the mother, the sprawling body nestled amidst a growth of weeds and vines—and, although the horror of the imagery is perhaps even more appropriate for the age of Dachau or Auschwitz than it was for the Germany of World War I, there is something about the work, seen steadily, that seems too raw, too relentless, that the mind, instinctively, wants to recoil from. It wants a broader context in which the horror would appear as only a part. There is, among the various works, a particularly striking image—that of the old woman in *Battlefield*, out of love and the duties of remembrance, the bitter need for certainty, searching among the dead for the one face that she will recognize. It seems, almost in a cruel way, an image of the artist herself, searching out amidst the senseless waste the theme that belonged to her, that she made her own in a lifetime of work. (New Art Center, Mar. 1-31.)—J.R.M.

Robert Rauschenberg: The extravagant reorganization of vulgar objects is hardly the most jolting thing about Rauschenberg's work; far more upsetting is the artistic logic which produces such illogical results. *Factum I*, for example, is a seemingly random assemblage of *Daily News* catastrophe and Presidential photographs, a dismembered calendar, a ragged fragment of upholstery, etc., all united by equally random paint daubs. But when one discovers its twin, *Factum II*, with its patient, scrupulous duplication of every dribble and tatter, one is forced to admit that the same combination of impulse and discipline that produces more conventional pictures is also operating here. And accepting these premises of unreasonable reason, one even finds further nonsensical sense in the paired but not quite identical photographs which recur in these paired but not quite identical paintings.

In the other work, intellectual and sensuous refinement is similarly wedded to willful chaos. As with Dada, the question of whether or not this is art is both supremely relevant and preposterously beside the point. What is more important is that there is hardly a work here not compelling enough to jar complacent seeing and thinking. In fact, these serious practical jokes may yet enrich the very purified climate of painting in the 1950's. (Castelli, Mar. 3-22.)—R.R.

Jorge Goya-Lukich: A mathematician as well as painter, this student of Still, Rothko and Hayter has previously appeared with lithographs and may now be viewed in a rewarding collection of oils. Their huge, simple floridities everywhere contain his broad, buttery, consistently personal leaflike and vigorous line, at times briefly sketched on the bare ground or, in more heavily worked canvases, intensely involved with exciting spatial deceptions. Accidents and quick modal gestures are brilliantly integrated in *Emblems for Adventure*, whose even tiniest areas evoke that sense of intimately chambered summer sensuality found in the best devotees of Gauguin and Matisse. But a flamelike persistent pull and drag makes every canvas its own individually observable moment. (Camino, Mar. 7-27.)—R.W.D.

Tex Schiwetz: Formerly official assistant to Carl Milles, until the latter's death in 1955, Schiwetz has a style quite distinguished from that of Milles in its humor, in its rather fantastic investigations into the insect and animal worlds. The only obvious relationship to Milles lies in

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Schiwetz's interest in garden sculpture; in particular, an amusing pyramid of hippos and one small crane is ingeniously made to spout water into a small oblong pond. In this charming collection of predominantly green-bronze sculptures, there is an intriguing *Ichabod Crane*, a unit of wildly streaking horizontals, in which Ichabod's horny hair and the horse's mane and tail contrast against the lightning-bolt-shaped support, conveying a sense of ridiculous, exaggerated terror. Also commendable is the many-branched intricacy of a green bronze cagelike construction in which a gold bronze insect is suspended: *Insect and Tree*. (Sculpture Center, Feb. 9-27).—E.G.

Style Regions of Africa: If there is still any doubt that African sculpture, far from being primitive, is actually a highly sophisticated and varied art, this exhibition should dispel it. Some fifty different styles are represented, but even this figure gives only a fraction of the styles which do exist. Each style, which is the expression of a certain local tradition dictated by the magic cults of the tribe, differs markedly from the style of its neighbor, and sometimes two different styles exist in the same place. From a purely plastic point of view, the Pangwe idols from Gabon which first aroused interest in African art are perhaps the finest. Most imaginative are the stylish antelopes with their fantastic linear patterns made by the Bambara tribe of French Sudan. Although most of the sculptures are in wood, the exhibition also includes examples of ivory masks from Bapende in the Belgian Congo, pottery vessels by the Mangbetu, also of the Congo, and gold weights from the Ashanti of the Gold Coast. (Segy, Mar. 1-31).—H.M.

Abe Satoru: Some of Abe Satoru's welded-metal constructions are given body through the use of copper sheets, cupped and bent to the desired shape; others are open structures fabricated entirely of wire and slender metal strips; and still others combine the open and closed forms, the space-displacing and space-enclosing elements. A hanging piece, *The Seed*, sprouting and sending forth roots, is of course directly related to nature and processes of organic growth; the majority of the pieces, however, point toward the metaphysical in their implications. Often they are barrier-like grids or spatial labyrinths without exit, or protective shields, such as *The Wall*, on which are embossed character-like combinations of line like an ancient and faded inscription. It would not be difficult to divine the Eastern origin of the artist (born in Hawaii, he is of Japanese descent and recently spent a year in Japan), but the work itself is unclassifiable in terms of East or West or specific derivation. (Sculpture Center, Mar. 2-21).—M.S.

Anthony Terenzio and Jules Kirschenbaum: Two Emily Lowe award winners of 1950 show some of their subsequent work, presumably to chart their progress for us. Terenzio does progress—from the rather stereotyped *Harlequin* to 1955 paintings which are warm and sunny in a neo-Bonnard manner. Kirschenbaum shows not exactly progress but a dismaying variety of influences and attachments: *Lost in the Forest* is the most ghastly work, an obsessive Albrightesque vision; *Crusades* is the silliest—a young man with a "K" cap (evidently the artist) droops lackadaisically à la Pontormo, fixed by a vulture's gaze; *Prehistoric Bird* confounds Bosch and Goya; and *Plant*—Kirschenbaum's best work—is adeptly Düreresque. (Eggleston, Feb. 3-22).—C.B.

Joseph Kaplan: Although his favorite subjects are found along the shore and consist principally of bathers and fishermen, dunes and wharves, Kaplan has included in this exhibition two paintings of the city which are endowed with a vitality and authority unmatched in the coastal scenes. They are daylight and evening views of the same street corner and subway entrance, and although cluttered with activity, they have a lusty, vibrant quality in the moving figures and the tangle of neon and shadowy buildings—suggestive of a more intimate association on the part of the artist than is evoked by low tides and dories on the beach. Blocking in his



William Freed, UNTITLED PAINTING; at James Gallery.

colors in simplified arrangements, the painter works with an easy freedom and vigor, abbreviating his compositions in notebook fashion and making maximum use of bold light-dark contrasts. (Krasner, Mar. 3-29).—M.S.

William Freed: All of the oils have a bright audacity and freedom, though in a number of them there is a lack of formal cohesiveness. *Variations on a Theme*, with its ribbon-like whites against a base of browns, deep blues and reds, and the large *Untitled Painting*, with its patchy white, gray and black cloudlike forms, stand out as the most accomplished works in the exhibition. (James, Feb. 21-Mar. 13).—J.R.M.

Henry di Spirito: Di Spirito's sculpture is directly related to that of John Flannagan, as has been previously noted, and there is no indication in his recent work that he is restive with the relationship. He works in very hard stone, granite or gneiss, gradually wearing it into the shape of a small animal which is only partially released from the stone. The laminations of the stone and its textures, both natural and artificial, are used to consistent advantage in the descriptive design of the animals, which often give the impression of having been suggested by the shape of the rock itself rather than being imposed upon it. The subtle and carefully considered modulations of the forms have a strong tactile as well as visual appeal. (Sculpture Center, Mar. 2-21).—M.S.

Lois Eaton: The first New York show of Lois Eaton reveals a young painter of great talent and sensitivity. Landscapes and still lifes painted in a Neo-Impressionist manner recall Bonnard, but have a flavor of their own. The use of color is particularly fine, with its lovely variations of green and vibrant orange-red in the landscapes, and subtle pinks and grays and yellows in her flower piece. The forms and the space are flattened out, for the emphasis is always on the color patterns, which are handled with exquisite taste and, especially for someone so young, with great mastery. (Pietrantonio, Mar. 16-31).—H.M.

John Little: The artist lives near the beach which furnishes him with driftwood and other weather-worn materials for his own variation on the collage, the assembling of which requires hammer and nails rather than paste. An appreciative eye for the faded colors and eroded textures of odd scraps of cloth and wood, a craftsman's patience and skill in putting them together and an infallible sense of composition are used to best advantage in these large, handsome relief-like works. At times the arrangements of random objects hint at an image, a

figure or animal, which seems to have been suggested as the artist worked instead of resulting from an exact preconception. Homespun in character and lacking in intricacy, these compositions in wood and fabric have in their favor novelty, not in itself an asset, and the fact that they quicken our awareness of the visual pleasures to be found in ordinary materials whether or not they have been framed and hung on the wall. (Mills College, Mar. 10-Apr. 6.)—M.S.

Jones, Kirby, Virgona: The abstractions of Jimmie Lee Jones are based on the repetition of circles or other geometric forms in compositions which are not carefully structured and tend to fall apart or to cluster in haphazard groupings. Edgar Kirby's pale, light-struck paintings are timorously exact, but pleasant in their serenity and spaciousness. Henry Virgona is the most interesting of the trio, with small, quite classical canvases which appear to have been worked from dark to light in the old academic manner and which demonstrate a fine painterly ability as well as a motivation of genuine feeling. The study of the artist in his studio is a grave and solidly constructed little painting, as is *The Road*, with its shadowy recesses and filtered lights illuminating a tenderly drawn small figure. Far better than average are conventional drawings by the same artist, ingratiating in their lack of pretension and notable for their skilled draftsmanship. (Kottler, Mar. 10-22.)—M.S.

Mel Silverman: When Silverman devotes himself to paintings like *Synagogue* he speaks with authority and force. The brooding atmosphere of this canvas, with its stark browns of the tenements, the brilliant lemon yellow of the synagogue and the blue of the sky, is beautiful and moving. However, most of the paintings were done in Mexico, and although gay and colorful they are far less successful. Using an almost primitive style with simplified forms and bright patterns, he paints the colorful squares and the fiestas with their fireworks and crowds. At best these works evoke some of the charm of Mexican life, but one cannot help feeling that the artist would have been wiser to remain with a world for which he is a more familiar spokesman. (Salpeter, Feb. 24-Mar. 15.)—H.M.

Yoram Kaniuk: Kaniuk was born in Tel Aviv in 1929, studied in Paris and came to this country in 1951. This, his fourth one-man show here, includes paintings of decided individuality and indicates an artist of sufficient maturity to have unified form and content, although a certain tentativeness is still apparent in both. Stormy skies; barren, mountainous landscapes described with sharp diagonals; black, stunted trees; reclining nudes and horsemen—all are variously combined and engulfed in a mysterious midnight darkness or illumined by strange sources of light. The artist's vision is a poetic one, yet forcefully presented and seen at its best in such works as *Storm*, *Shepherds on Horseback* and *Yellow in the Sky*. (Feigl, Feb. 15-Mar. 1.)—M.S.

Dean Ellis: *River Lights* and *Coastal Town*, Spain, have an effectively subdued resonance, perhaps a touch of Redon in the tonalities. Less interesting are the city views; except for *Port of Call* they seem overly indebted to Feininger. Other works include the lacy and Oriental *Source Waters*, and pictures of technology like *Catalytic Units* which are a bit too reminiscent of artistic paeans to industry. (Grand Central Moderns, Mar. 1-20.)—C.B.

Frank Roth: With so many younger painters trained by teachers who think that craftsmanship counts for nothing, it is a pleasure to see a young artist like Frank Roth. If Chardin were to paint abstractions, they might well look like these works in which a perfect formal control is combined with a subtle and subdued palette. The titles of the paintings are evocative rather than descriptive, with a lovely canvas all in greens entitled *Steppenwolf*, and one in ochers called *Flanders Field*. The most moving is *Hermine*, composed of flat, carefully arranged areas of blue, red and gray in an abstract and magical space. Painted slowly and with infinite care, these

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pictures combine intense emotion with perfect harmony, making them a joy to behold. (Artists', Mar. 15-Apr. 3.)—H.M.

Francisco Otta: In his first one-man show in New York, Otta presents recent paintings, drawings and prints of the cactus, a plant that is by its own design rather more abstract than natural. Otta does not violate its character. The spiky linearity is exaggerated, and in some works we are beyond nature's own abstraction. But it is still the plant form that dominates; despite color variations, and delicacy here and boldness there, one leaves these cactus-inspired paintings with the feeling that there must be greener pastures for a talented painter. (Sudamericana, Mar. 3-22.)—A.V.

Hindy Creamer: The first one-man show of this New Yorker who has traveled and studied in Europe owes much in the treatment of her female subjects to Marie Laurencin. There is grace, charm, great sensitivity—the tenuous *Spider Mums*; the restless arrangement of large white forms against mossy green in *Church at Quaker Farm*; and the dreamy green-blue *New York Night Scene*, with its necklace of lights depicting the George Washington Bridge, and the reflection of those lights forming an over-all pattern on the water. (Bodley, Mar. 17-29.)—E.G.

Frances Manacher: In her fifth show, this Expressionist-inspired artist exhibits interesting, heavily pigmented canvases, whose subjects often remind one in outline of a Rouault or a Klee. A many-colored surface pattern is played out to the edges of the canvas, and images appear out of distance or through fog, as in the strangely moving *Stygian Voyage*, where boat and rowers recede and reappear and are reflected in a river whose existence is convincingly imaginary. (Bodley, Mar. 5-22.)—E.G.

Louis di Valentin: Adhering to an Expressionist viewpoint, Di Valentin's themes vacillate between the explicit Christian drama of the Crucifixion and the Lamentation to the secular agitation of jazz musicians, dance halls and cockfights. In general, his palette is rich and phosphorescent, his black contours ragged and impulsive. At his most interesting, as in *Repose*, he provides an intriguing pictorial counterpoint between line and color structure which achieves a shimmering alternation of transparency and density; but all too often, his style, like his emotional tenor, appears a mannerism applied to rather than freshly extracted from his subject. (Milch, Mar. 10-29.)—R.R.

Edward Clark: Most often recalling Macdonald Wright, this first Synchronist-seeming New York appearance of collages and oils is yet broader, more energized, more aggressively *dé-raciné* and certainly less polite. Quick, large and pungent *taches* of color center their modulations through either turpentine washes or heavy troweling, never once losing a sense of original intention or emotional orderliness. It is work in a high state of undress, but it has its rewards. (Brata, Mar. 7-27.)—R.W.D.

Jerry Pinsler: In these Abstract Expressionistic oils, natural form seems to be perceived with the eyes of a Cubist and executed with the hand of a mildly sophisticated Fauve. The combination is often effective, poetic and distinctive, but not yet sufficiently achieved to evenly sustain the painterly evocation. Neither shocking nor anywhere dull (*there*, in his own way), Mr. Pinsler in his first New York presentation satisfied most in the more integrally brushed *Tree into Landscape*, which gave this reviewer the odd impression of Vuillard, Van Gogh and Tamayo sitting down together to discuss a peacock. (Parma, Feb. 3-22.)—R.W.D.

Jack Sonenberg: A well-known printmaker and watercolorist presents eight swiftly abrasive, coral-surfaced oils of garden forms perceived through abstract contours. All are densely soaked in southern light, and their natural and joyous flesh hangs on bare, Cubistically occasioned, calligraphic inky slashes. A deepening sense of unconstraint shows him to be gaining in pro-

fundity. He is already as much at his ease in this medium as in the precisely wrought graphic companion pieces. (Washington Irving, Mar. 22.)—R.W.D.

Ben-Zion: Watercolors of old rabbis, barren trees and flowering plants reveal a delicate and expressive line and a stylistic homage to Chagall. *Field Flowers* and *Orchard in Bloom* are somewhat reductive variations on Van Gogh; *Jew on Day of Atonement* and the ominous *Bird of Prey* are more assertive and original. Drawings and etchings for the Book of Job, Ruth and the Song of Songs complete the exhibition. (Deitch, Mar. 4-29.)—C.B.

Betty Guy: Whether she interprets Brooklyn, Jaipur, Hong Kong or Holland, Miss Guy's cosmopolite watercolors have the same elaboration of the fashionably picturesque: they are like a weakened paraphrase of the boulevards of her homonymous artistic ancestor, Constantin Guys. (Comerford, Feb. 1-28.)—C.B.

Sol Wilson: Wilson's paintings of the seashore, holiday throngs and the Brooklyn bridge have in common the authoritative touch of a veteran painter thoroughly at ease with his materials and familiar subjects. The paint is applied dryly, with frequent accents of thin, sketchy line; preference is given to chalky whites to illumine the land beneath darker, often overcast skies; surface color and reflection take precedence over structural penetration and definition. The least routine works here are the small, intimate paintings of homely interiors, or simple little seascapes such as *Shallows*, which have a personal and immediate quality, an appealing freshness. (Babcock, Mar. 10-28.)—M.S.

Howard Fussiner: The Fauve impetus and the stridency of color—brash blues, greens, purples and orange reds—are handled well in these large, free and generally exciting oils. *Christmas Tree and Child* is the most carefully sustained work, while others tend to dissipate structurally under what appears to be the sheer exuberance of the color. (Panoras, Mar. 10-22.)—J.R.M.

Windsor Utley: Italy with its beautiful churches and gay streets has inspired Utley's latest abstractions. Surging compositions with bold strokes and lively colors and a strong sense of movement suggest the pulsating rhythm of the life in the streets and the carnivals and festivals. The earlier canvases, such as *Bird in Terror*, recall Pollock in their tenseness and anguish, but they are far less satisfactory than the Italian scenes, for their closely knit linear patterns do not quite come to life. (Duveen-Graham, Mar. 11-29.)—H.M.

Opening Exhibition: Although there is some unevenness of accomplishment in this first exhibition of a new gallery, with styles ranging from realism to abstraction, there are a number of fine single works: Christianne Oliveda's gently awkward, sensitively colored *Cathedral*, Margarita Gibbon's simple, richly painted *Still Life with Plant and Fruit*, and Morris Kronfield's sleek *Barnyard*, in blues, whites and greens. (Brooklyn Arts, Jan. 22-Feb. 15.)—J.R.M.

Frank Metz: Choppy, quick breaks of color and form mass these oils into continuous movement, and, as in *Coastline*, there is the feeling of that rhythm of water breaking abruptly against rock, of the surge and recession of tides. Occasionally, however, one wonders whether a more limited palette would not give the work more forcefulness; the too brilliantly colored broken small shapes lead to a sense of unrelieved distraction. (Parma, Feb. 24-Mar. 15.)—J.R.M.

Jef Bane: Coming directly from Galerie 93 in Paris, these gouache abstractions have their own special verve and originality. Rootlike, pronged, hairy masses of black are the core for fleeing, undulating patterns on white in which colors are caught as it were within a whirling black snare. Raised portions, of clayey tone, resemble parts of topographical maps and contrast strangely with inlets of color and island masses. (Raymond and Raymond, Mar. 15-29.)—E.G.

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Tancredi: The impact of Tancredi's paintings depends on the cumulative effect of myriads of similar shapes. Spilled over the surface plane they cluster together as if in a magnetic field. Particularly effective are his gouaches—a medium he handles with consummate skill. In these paintings the delicacy of color and line—even of these totally abstract "spots"—reveals an expert draftsman. (Saidenberg, Mar. 3-25.)—B.B.

Josef Domjan: This first U.S. showing of fifty intensely tinted woodcuts frequently surmounts the immediate ingratiations of Hungarian folk-art to move, with persistent painterly control, dreamily yet tartly within the heart. Their origins seem more Oriental than Slavic, and it is no surprise to learn that Domjan was, in 1955, esteemed by the Chinese as "Master of the Colored Woodcut." (Kennedy, Feb. 19-Mar. 22.)—R.W.D.

Vespignani: Sharp-line drawings of figures and oil paintings of architectural and harbor scenes impasted to a general blue-brown blur are the two dominant aspects of this show. (Sagittarius, Jan. 20-Feb. 8) . . . **Rebecca Kosakowsky.** A compositional strength, previously evident in her bright-colored tempera landscapes, has been lost or temporarily confused in entangling linear vegetation. (Theatre East, Jan. 18-Feb. 16.)—A.V.

Bud Jacobs: Fluidly applied, feathery veins of palely tinted marble shapes spring from memories of Deer Isle, suggest the elation of flight and tessellate simple schemas into broader freedoms, less flirtatious with the decorative when a Cubist concern intrudes. (Fleischman, Mar. 12-Apr. 1) . . . **Abram Lerner:** His debut presents inoffensive, timidly designed Sunday landscapes and figure studies pinned on the wall as if they were alive. (Davis, Feb. 28-Mar. 22.)—R.W.D.

Enrique Grau: The best work by this Colombian artist recalls that of Tamayo, but it is too artificial in its symbolism and too intricate in its geometric design to come really to life. (De Aenlle, Feb. 17-Mar. 8) . . . **Clara Klinghoffer:** Although her portraits reveal a highly skilled traditional painter, the landscapes with their sweet colors and lack of structure are very weak. (Juster, Feb. 24-Mar. 15) . . . **Richard Wagner:** This young New England painter is showing a group of landscapes painted in a mixture of naturalism and abstraction; he is most successful in the mountain scenes done in dark greens, blues and whites. (Grand Central, Mar. 18-29) . . . **Audrey Howard:** The artist paints colorful geometric abstractions which, though decorative, lack unity of style, suggesting that the artist has not as yet found herself. (Pietrantonio, Mar. 1-15.)—H.M.

E. R. Witten: The New Hampshire landscape appears equally bleak in summer and winter in oils so restricted in tonality that they are virtually colorless; the composition likewise is spare and stark, composed on flattened patterns of jagged shapes which reinforce one's impression of a rugged terrain. (Chase, Mar. 17-29) . . . **Johannes Schiefer:** Drawn in easy fluid outlines, tastefully interspersed with areas of bright but never garish color, these still lifes, figure paintings and views of Paris are guaranteed to please even the most indiscriminating eye. (Schoneman, Feb. 3-17) . . . **Ann Cole Phillips:** The spirited quality of the brushwork and the sporadic indications of fresh perception do not compensate for the general disorder and frequent muddled turbulence of color which characterize many of these canvases. (Chase, Mar. 3-15.)—M.S.

Elizabeth Model: These watercolors and drawings reflecting travels through Italy, France and Greece by an artist known mainly for sculpture show a pleasantly off-balance, almost Bemelmans-like line but lack a corresponding freshness in color. (Bodley, Mar. 3-15) . . . **Harry Marinsky:** Fine Audubon-like pencil drawings of flowers are more interesting in this show than the various traditional oils and caseins—large, flat, and unadventurously colored—whose subjects are trees, cathedrals, still lifes. (Bodley, Mar. 24-Apr. 5) . . . **Leon Hartl:** Exhibiting since 1921, Hartl in his latest work presents a timeless pointillistic pastel world, the colors themselves having a dawnlike stillness and quiet relationship; the subjects are often bucolic and continued on page 69

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Drawing Techniques:

Interview with Hyman Bloom



Hyman Bloom, BEGGARS.

At an early age Hyman Bloom produced masterful drawings. In his teens he studied the form-building methods of his favorite old masters. These early drawings range from Rubens-like chalk studies of wrestlers to more delicate, precise figure studies in lead pencil. Today, in his early forties, he still practices drawing as a separate discipline. But his drawings now reveal a wider scope of instrumentation and a still wider scope of media and drawing instruments; he employs gouache, chalk and charcoal, white ink on toned paper and dark ink on light paper.* Further, he employs what seems to be a combination of these media in one drawing.

Fish, a recent red ("Watteau") Conté-crayon drawing, reveals a seemingly mixed-media work. It is perhaps better described as a mixed-instrument drawing (if there is such a category). Let me explain. The darkest tones at the top have been rubbed with a dry brush to insure a rich, smooth dark. The watery effect at the lower right is created by wetting the already applied Conté surface. The darker brush strokes at the lower left are produced the same way, but with less water. And still other light tones are produced by working into the drawing with a kneaded gum eraser. Thus far the technique is not too unusual. But the pen strokes are produced with an "ink" composed of fine Conté-crayon particles and water. These pen strokes can be seen in the upper left; here they gradually blend the darks around the form. Pen marks are also employed to detail the structures within the main forms. If a foreign color or surface texture produced by a glossy ink were employed these areas might jump from their spatial position. This unusual "ink" keeps the surface of the drawing consistent. But the prime reason for using this Conté ink, according to Mr.

*Mr. Bloom's drawings are completing a New England tour at the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Connecticut (through March).

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Bloom, is that it permits erasure, thereby insuring a fluid technique.

Of course, gouache, chalk and charcoal are media which naturally permit desired changes. Yet in another type of his ink drawings, the white ink on tinted paper mode, he can also "make changes with absolute precision." This is achieved by using a water-soluble white ink which can be "picked up" with a wet cloth or sponge. The tinted ground must of necessity be waterproof. (The inks preferred for this technique are Grumbacher's "Write-White" and an ink made from a poster white, "Dwight White," and water.) Mr. Bloom demonstrated this process, first wetting and then blotting the diluted area. Only a faint "ghost" remained. *Beggars* reveals this style with its revisions; the right side of the head, on top, which seems blended, is in reality a "ghost" of one of Mr. Bloom's fluid yet surgeon-like operations. One can also detect changes around the hand in the center and in the drapery which surrounds it.

Toned or tinted paper is generally employed with light and dark accents, the background tone assuming the role of the middle value. But Mr. Bloom prefers to use white ink alone "and work from the tone of the paper up." Optical grays, however, are produced by the grouping or clotting of the white strokes. And darks surrounded by white ink strokes appear darker than the toned background.

Other drawing styles in which Hyman Bloom works include large, pure Conté drawings and small, rapid pen-and-ink "sketches." The oversize Conté drawings exhibited a few seasons back in his retrospective at the Whitney Museum were intended, we learned, as actual "cartoons" for paintings. He found that transferring these "cartoons" to canvas was a very difficult job at best. And when it was possible to transfer them properly he found it uninspiring to paint on an already completed vision; there was little margin for development. He jokingly remarked that "cartoons would be practical if an apprentice would do the transferring and the painting."

Mr. Bloom's small ink drawings (dark ink on light paper) are composed of long and short darting lines which repeat and change the contours of the form. Here one can witness the changes in structure, posture and position of the form which would normally be hidden in his white-ink style. These drawings are considered "sketches" as opposed to his other drawings, in which the forms are more clearly defined and the forms are interrelated in an over-all spatial environment.

For one who pursues so many different drawing methods, theories which separate drawing and painting into various categories are of little concern. When pressed for definitions he simply described drawing as "forms without color."

Drawing, then, as practiced by Hyman Bloom, is a separate discipline. He has developed personal techniques which have expanded his visual vocabulary. He works both in a graphic manner—showing each tool mark constructing the form—and in a tonal manner wherein the blending resembles painting. And although he works with many different techniques, his drawings contain the same symbols which have long been identified with his paintings.

Hyman Bloom, FISH.



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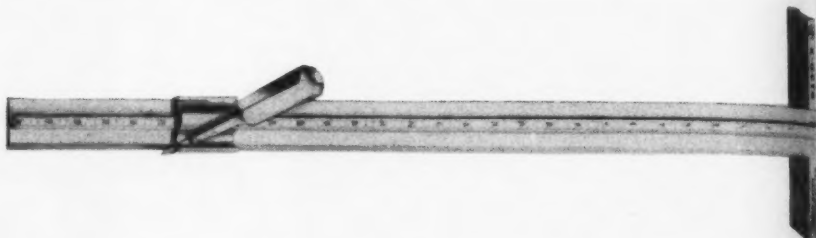
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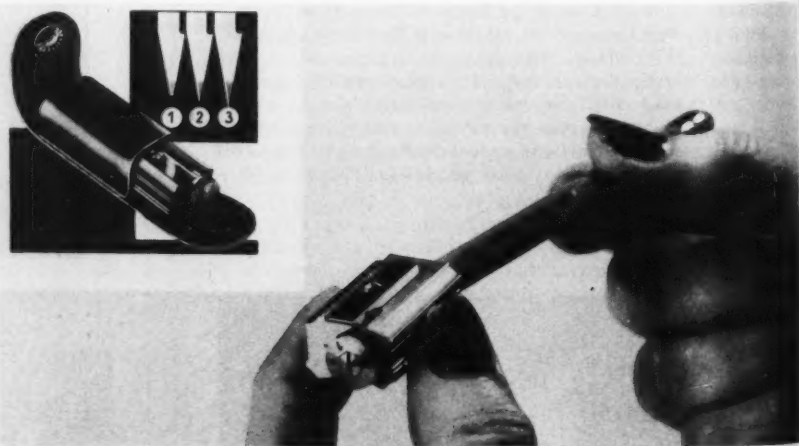
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IN THE GALLERIES

continued from page 65

sometimes reminiscent of Davies. (Peridot, Mar. 3-29.) . . . **Jean Paris:** The cutout shapes of certain later Matisse paintings or even of Calder mobiles are transmuted with great skill through the once-human figures in these admirable paintings abstracted from nature in a collection angularly conceived, flat-surfaced, strong colored. (Petite, Mar. 10-22.) . . . **Etienne Ret:** An adept, facile, bold stroke, fresh colors and charm characterize the first New York show of this French artist whose etchings, slightly distorted, having a fine, economical line, seem more lyric than his rather chic paintings (a lion, a cock—simply, decoratively conceived). (Petite, Mar. 24-Apr. 5.)—E.G.

Bernard Smoll: A number of these densely painted oils have the look of Monticelli, thick with verdure and brightly clad figures suffused by a rich but waning light. (Chase, Feb. 17-Mar. 1.) . . . **Nat Ramer:** In a retrospective showing of a long and varied career, the paintings range from the early suavely painted portraits like *Ronnie* to the more recent bright abstractions like *Shining City*. (National Arts Club, Mar. 9-29.) . . . **John Maxwell:** The artist presents neatly and concisely ordered landscapes with rich tonal changes, the best of which is *Winter Forms* with its broken shapes in cold November grays and umbers. (Panoras, Mar. 24-Apr. 5.) . . . **Hansegger:** Although the variety of styles and subjects shows a certain amount of verve, the best works are the more controlled paintings like *Mood*, an Impressionistic study of the figure in blues, whites and soft greens. (Glezer, Jan. 22-Feb. 2.) . . . **Three-Man Show:** Brame's *Landscape Fragments* with their vague figurative elements stained with bright yellows or reds, and Dawson's richly surfaced and competently structured abstractions were the notable works in this exhibition, which also included Hiag's very energetic, bright, but somewhat over-busy compositions. (Davida, Jan. 15-Feb. 8.) . . . **Andrés Monreal:** The black-and-white studies, particularly *Inside* and *Notre Dame de Paris*, are consistently good in this group of ink and gouache abstractions by a Chilean artist. (Wittenborn, Mar. 1-14.)—J.R.M.

BOOKS continued from page 21

veals its full meaning. His general summaries of the intentions and achievements of painters are more fortunate than his discussions of their individual works, but even here he is most successful with the less complex figures. The essentially simple activism of Siqueiros he represents adequately enough, though with insufficient stress on the destructive implications of that painter's theory of artistic communication, and he effectively balances Rivera's decorative ability with his more meretricious aspects. But his assessments of Orozco and Tamayo, the two artists of international stature who have emerged from modern Mexico, do less than justice to the multiple aspects of their work (particularly he fails to illuminate the complex relation between moral and esthetic elements in Orozco), and, on a somewhat different level, one wonders at the judgment that devotes several pages to a dully pretentious painter like Gonzalez Camarera and passes by Mérida and Carlos Orozco Romero with little more than nodding mention. As an informative handbook *Mexican Painting in Our Time* is adequate; as a critical study it merely pegs out the ground on which later writers will work.

A final criticism applies possibly to the publishers more than to the author. There are 125 illustrations, of which only one is in color, with the result that the reader who is unfamiliar with the originals gains a most vague impression of these paintings, many of which rely so largely on color for their total effect. No halftone reproduction, for instance, can even suggest that peculiarly incandescent quality, varying from lambency to burning intensity, which so often inspires Orozco's murals. And in this case the publishers can hardly plead the need for economy; when a book is priced as high as this the reader has a right to lavish treatment.

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35TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF ETCHING, Print Club, Apr. 11-May 2. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$125 for nonmembers. Entry cards due by Mar. 17, work due Mar. 19. Write: Print Club, 1614 Latimer St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

16TH NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF PRINTS, Library of Congress, May 1-Sept. 1. Open to all artists. Media: original prints in all media in black and white or color, exclusive of monotypes, drawings, photographs, or prints colored after printing. Jury. Purchases. Entry cards and work due by Mar. 28. Write: Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress, Washington 25, D. C.

WICHITA, KANSAS

13TH NATIONAL DECORATIVE ARTS AND CERAMIC EXHIBITION, Wichita Art Association, Apr. 12-May 19. Open to all American artist-craftsmen. Media: textiles, silversmithing, jewelry, metalwork, ceramic or wood sculpture, garden sculpture (metal, marble or ceramic), enamel, mosaic, hand-wrought glass. Jury. \$2,000 in awards. Fee: \$3. Write: Maude G. Schollenberger, 401 N. Belmont Ave., Wichita, Kan.

REGIONAL

BRISTOL, VIRGINIA

15TH ANNUAL REGIONAL EXHIBITION, Virginia Intermont College, May 5-31. Open to artists of Va., W. Va., Tenn., Ky., Ga., N. C., Ala. and D. C. Media: oil, watercolor, drawing, prints. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2 for oils, \$1 for watercolor, graphics. Entry cards due Apr. 1, work due Apr. 15. Write: Prof. C. Ernest Cooke, V. I. College, Bristol, Va.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

HUDSON ARTISTS 6TH ANNUAL, Jersey City Museum, Apr. 14-May 3. Open to all Hudson County residents. Media: oil, sculpture, pastel, watercolor, black-and-white. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2 per painting, returnable if work rejected. Work due Apr. 2, 3 & 5. Write: Hudson Artists, Jersey City Museum, 472 Jersey Ave., Jersey City 2, N. J.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

NEW JERSEY ARTISTS EXHIBITION, Newark Museum, Apr. 25-June 8. Media: oil, egg tempera, encaustic, watercolor, gouache, casein, drawing, prints, sculpture. Jury. Museum purchases. Entry cards to be mailed by Mar. 18, work due Mar. 20-22. Write: Newark Museum, 43-49 Washington St., Newark 1, N. J.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

MIDWEST ARTISTS EXHIBITION, Joslyn Art Museum, Mar. 27-Apr. 28. Open to artists from Colo., Ia., Kan., Minn., Mo., Nebr., Okla., N. Dak., Ala. and Wyo. Media: oil, sculpture, pastel, prints, drawing. Jury. Prizes. Write: Don M. Beardsley, Joslyn Art Museum, 2218 Dodge, Omaha, Nebr.

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

4TH EASTER EXHIBITION, Berkshire Art Association, Apr. 6-30. Open to artists in 100-mile radius of Pittsfield. Media: painting, sculpture. No jury. Prizes. Fee: \$4 includes membership. Work due Mar. 29. Write: Mrs. Leonard B. Spencer, 138 E. New Lenox Rd., Pittsfield, Mass.

TUCSON, ARIZONA

FESTIVAL ART SHOW, Tucson Art Center, Apr. 7-21. Open to painters of Ariz., Colo., N. M., Nev., Tex., Utah. Judge: Otto Karl Bach. Prizes. Fee: \$4 for two entries. Entry cards due Mar. 21, work due Mar. 28. Write: Tucson Art Center, 325 W. Franklin, Tucson, Ariz.

CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

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Art Center.

March 1955

ALBANY, N. Y.
ART INST., Mar. 11-30: M. H. Nov-
lotzky

BALTIMORE, MD.
WALTERS, Mar. 16-Apr. 27: The
Etruscans

BOSTON, MASS.
DOLL & RICHARDS, Mar. 4-22: W. S.
Haseltine

MUSEUM, to Mar. 30: Rec. Acq.

CHICAGO, ILL.
ARTS CLUB, Mar. 14-Apr. 4: Matisse

ART INST., Mar.: Oceanic Art

CLEVELAND, OHIO
WISE, Mar. 9-20: Nature Forms in Art

DALLAS, TEXAS
MUSEUM, from Mar. 23: Relig. Art
of Western World

DAVENPORT, IOWA
MUNICIPAL GALLERY, Mar. 8-23:
Mid-West Sclpt.

DAYTON, OHIO
ART INST., to Mar. 16: Dayton Area
Artists

DENVER, COLO.
MUSEUM, Mar. 18-May 16: Amer.
Pigs. 1815-65 from Karolik Coll.

DETROIT, MICH.
INST., Mar. 18-Apr. 13: Pa. Acad.
Annual

HARTFORD, CONN.
WADSWORTH ATH., to Mar. 30: H.
Bloom

LINCOLN, NEB.
NEB. ART GAL., Mar. 2-30: Neb. Art
Assoc. Annual

LONDON, ENGLAND
GIMPEL FILS, Cont. Brit.

O'HANA, Mar. 14-30: Sumi

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
CTY. MUSEUM, to Mar. 30: Grphcs.

ROBLES, Mar.: J. Forsberg; Grp.

LOUISVILLE, KY.
SPEED MUS., Mar.: Thai Pigs.; 20th
C. Ital.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
INST. OF ARTS, to Mar. 23: M.
Myers

**WALKER, Mar. 1-Apr. 15: Musee Na-
tional D'Art Moderne**

NEWARK, N. J.
MUSEUM, to Apr. 27: Art in Bud-
dhism

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Resumes:
COOPER UNION (Cooper Sq.), Mar.
28-May 10: Picasso Ceramics

GUGGENHEIM (7 E. 72), to Apr. 20:
Younger Cont. Sclpts.

JEWISH (1109 5th at 92), Feb. 20-
Mar. 31: A. Kaufmann

METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), Feb. 7-
Mar. 30: Korean Art

MODERN (11 W. 53), to Mar. 18:
Braque, Morandi, Miro prints; Mar.
26-May 11: Seurat

PRIMITIVE (15 W. 54), to May 18:
Art of Ancient Peru

**NAT'L ACAD. DESIGN (1083 Fifth),
to Mar. 16: 133rd Annual**

RIVERSIDE (310 Riv. Dr.), Mar. 2-30:
Amer. Abstract Artists

Galleries:
A.C.A. (63 E. 57), to Mar. 15: A.
Refregier

ADAM-AHAB (72 Thompson), Mar. 1-
31: 3-Man

ALAN (766 Mad. at 66), Mar. 3-21:
New Work

ARGENT (236 E. 60), Mar. 9-29:
4-Man

**ARTISTS' (851 Lex. at 64), to Mar.
13: J. Meierhans; Mar. 15-Apr. 3:**
F. Roth

**ARTS (62 W. 56), Mar. 4-14: Grp.;
Mar. 15-25: Invit. Show**

**BABCOCK (805 Mad. at 68), Mar.
10-29: S. Wilson**

**BARONE (1018 Mad. at 79), Mar.
3-29: H. Baumbach**

**BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81),
Mar. 3-29: Grp.**

**BODLEY (223 E. 60), Mar. 3-15: E.
Model; Mar. 17-29: H. Creamer;**

Mar. 5-22: F. Manacher; Mar. 24-
Apr. 5: H. Marinsky

**BORGENICHT (1018 Mad. at 79), to
Mar. 8: R. Morgan; Mar. 10-29:**
Negri

**BRATA (89 E. 10), to Mar. 6: 3-Man;
Mar. 7-27: E. Clark**

**BROOKLYN ARTS (141 Montague),
to Mar. 15: Grp.; Mar. 17-Apr. 5:**
J. Rothman

**BURR (115 W. 55), Mar. 2-15: Grp. 1;
Mar. 16-Apr. 1: Grp. 2**

**CAMINO (92 E. 10), Mar. 7-27: J.
Goya-Lukich**

CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), Mar. 10-29:
Grp.

**CASTELLI (4 E. 77), Mar. 3-22: R.
Rauschenberg**

**CHASE (31 E. 64), Mar. 3-15: A. C.
Phillips; Mar. 3-15: Grp.; Mar. 17-**
29: E. R. Witten; Grp.

COLLECTORS' (49 W. 53), Mar. 3-15:
Grp.; Mar. 17-29: Grp.

**COMERFORD (55 E. 55), Mar.: Japa-
nese Art**

**CONTEMPORARY ARTS (802 Lex. at
62), to Mar. 14: Mid-Season Re-
trosp.; Mar. 17-Apr. 14: M. Beck**

**CRESPI (232 E. 58), to Mar. 8: M.
Gluckman**

**D'ARCY (19 E. 76), Mar.: Primitive
Art**

**DAVIDA (245 5th at 28), to Mar. 8:
5-Man; Mar. 12-Apr. 7: M. Tinkel-
man**

**DAVIS (231 E. 60), to Mar. 22: A.
Lerner**

**DE AENLE (59 W. 53), to Mar. 8:
Grau**

**DEITSCH (51 E. 73), Mar. 4-29: Ben-
Zion**

**DELACORTE (822 Mad. at 69): to Mar.
15: Kachina Cult**

**DE NAGY (24 E. 67), to Mar. 8: P.
Feeley; Mar. 17-Apr. 5: J. Frei-
licher**

**DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), to Mar. 22:
G. O'Keeffe**

**DURLACHER (11 E. 57), to Mar. 22:
P. Blume**

**DUEVEN (18 E. 79), Mar.: Brit. Mas-
ters; Beauvais Tapestries by F.
Boucher**

**DUEVEN-GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at
78), to Mar. 8: W. Dole; Mar. 11-**
29: W. Uiley

**EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), Mar.
10-29: Tubis, Olshen**

**EMMERICH (17 E. 64), Mar. 1-31:
M. Shapiro**

ESTE (32 E. 65), Mar. 7-26: P. Flora

**FINE ARTS ASSOC. (41 E. 57), Mar.
18-Apr. 12: G. Marcks**

**FLEISCHMAN (227 E. 10), to Mar. 10:
Dickman & Berliner; Mar. 12-27:**
B. Jacobs

**FRIED (40 E. 68), to Mar. 29: E.
Vicente**

**FURMAN (17 E. 82), Mar.: Pre-Col.
GALLERY (200 E. 59), Mar. 10-29:**
Eur. & Cont. Amer. Drwgs.

**GALERIE CHALETTE (1100 Mad. at
83), Mod. Mstrs.**

**GALERIE ST. ETIENNE (46 W. 57),
Mar. 10-31: T. Madersohn-Becker**

**GALLERY 75 (30 E. 75), Mar. 3-30:
Fr. Grp.**

**GRAND CENTRAL (15 Vand. at 42),
Mar. 11-22: J. Pike; Mar. 18-29:**
R. Wagner

**GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018
Mad. at 79), Mar. 1-20: D. Ellis**

**HANSA (210 Cent. Pk. So.), to Mar.
8: Segal; Mar. 10-29: A. Kaprow**

**HARTERT (22 E. 58), Mar.: Amer. &
Fr.**

**HELLER (63 E. 57), Mar. 11-28: Vasi-
lieff**

HERVE (611 Mad. at 58), Fr. Cont.

**HIRSCHL & ADLER (21 E. 67), Fine
Pigs.**

**JACKSON (32 E. 69), to Mar. 22:
L. Krasner**

**JAMES (70 E. 12), to Mar. 13: W.
Freed; Mar. 14-Apr. 3: Grp.**

**JANIS (15 E. 57), to Mar. 22: P.
Guston**

**JUSTER (154 E. 79), to Mar. 15: C.
Klinghoffer; Mar. 17-Apr. 5: G.
Dauchot**

**KENNEDY (785 5th at 59), to Mar.
22: J. Domjan**

**KLEEMANN (11 E. 68), Mar. 1-29:
E. W. Nay**

**KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), Old Mstrs.;
Cont. Ptg.**

**KOOTZ (1018 Mad. at 79), to Mar. 8:
W. Baziotas; Mar. 11-29: Schneider**

KOTTLER (3 E. 65), Mar.: 3-Man

**KRASNER (1061 Mad.), Mar. 3-29:
J. Kaplan**

**KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80), to
Mar. 8: J. Koch; Mar. 10-29: C.
Morris**

**LILLIPUT (231½ Eliz.), Mar. 1-31:
3 Poets in Print**

**LITTLE STUDIO (673 Mad. at 61), to
Mar. 5: J. De Ruth; Mar. 20-Apr. 2:**
Takis, P. Henry

**MARCH (95 E. 10), to Mar. 20: Anniv.
Show**

**MATISSE (41 E. 57), Mar. 3-29: M.
Marini**

**MELTZER (38 W. 57), Mar. 3-29: R.
Nesch**

**MI CHOU (36 W. 57), to Mar. 22:
Ming & Ching Dynasties**

**MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), to Mar. 15:
H. Koerner**

**MILCH (21 E. 67), to Mar. 8: C. Has-
sam; Mar. 10-29: L. di Valentin**

**MILLS COLLEGE (66 5th), to Mar. 7:
R. Buckner, R. White; Mar. 11-Apr.
4: J. Little**

**MORRIS (174 Waverly Pl.), Mar. 1-15:
Grp.; Mar. 17-Apr. 5: Cont. Amer.**

**MOSKIN (4 E. 88), to Mar. 22: Cont.
Mstrs. & Grphc. Art**

**NAT. ARTS CLUB (15 Gramercy Pk.
So.), Mar. 9-29: N. Ramer**

**NEW ART CTR. (1193 Lex. at 81),
Mar. 1-31: K. Kollwitz**

**NEW (601 Mad. at 57), Mar.: 19th,
20th C. Europ.**

**NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), Mar. 1-17:
A. Enters**

**NONAGON (99 2nd at 6th), Mar.
1-29: G. Dwarzan**

**PANORAS (62 W. 56), Mar. 10-22:
H. Fussiner; Mar. 24-Apr. 5: J.
Maxwell**

**PARMA (1111 Lex. at 77), to Mar. 15:
F. Metz; Mar. 17-Apr. 5: J. Harvey**

**PARSONS (15 E. 57), to Mar. 8:
R. Pousette-Dart; Mar. 10-29: J.
Youngerman**

**PASSEDOIT (121 E. 57), Mar. 10-
Apr. 5: C. Schucker**

**PERIDOT (820 Mad. at 68), Mar. 3-
29: L. Harll**

**PERLS (1016 Mad. at 78), to Mar. 8:
Calder; Mar. 10-Apr. 12: E. Pignon**

**PETITE (718 Mad. at 64), Mar. 10-22:
J. Paris; Mar. 24-Apr. 5: E. Ret**

**PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), Mar. 1-
15: A. Howard; Mar. 16-31: L.
Eaton**

**POINDEXTER (21 W. 56), to Mar. 22:
R. Diebenkorn; Mar. 24-Apr. 12:
G. Spaventa**

**RAYMOND & RAYMOND (54 E. 53),
Mar. 15-29: J. Banc**

**REHN (683 5th at 54), Mar. 3-22:
S. Gross**

**ROERICH (319 W. 107), Mar. 2-Apr.
6: W. Hollingsworth**

**ROKO (925 Mad. at 74), Mar. 3-27:
R. Baranik**

**ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), Mar. 3-29:
A. Maillol**

**SAGITTARIUS (46 E. 57), Mar. 3-22:
A. Bueno; Mar. 24-Apr. 8: E. B.
Lowman**

**SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), Mar. 3-25:
Tancredi**

**SALPETER (42 E. 57), to Mar. 15: M.
Silverman; Mar. 17-Apr. 12: 3-Man**

**B. SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), Mar. 3-22:
A. Ippolito; Mar. 24-Apr. 12: C.
Cajori**

**SCHAEFFER (983 Park at 83), Old
Masters**

**SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), Mar. 1-31:
Mod. Fr. Pigs.**

**SCULPTURE CTR. (161 E. 69), Mar.
2-21: H. Di Spirito; S. Abe; T.
Young**

SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), Mar.: Afr. Art

**SILBERMAN (1014 Mad. at 78), Mar.:
Mod. Pigs.**

**STABLE (924 7th at 58), Mar. 3-29:
J. Mitchell**

**STUTTMAN (835 Mad. at 69), Mar.
5-29: L. Nevelson, etchings**

**SUDAMERICANA (866 Lex. at 65),
Mar. 3-22: F. Otto**

**TANAGER (90 E. 10), to Mar. 20: P.
Fine; Mar. 21-Apr. 10: M. Di Lascia**

**TERRAIN (20 W. 16), Mar. 1-28:
Person, Thing, Form**

TOZZI (32 E. 57), Medieval Art

**UPTOWN (1311 Mad. at 92), to Mar.
8: G. Longval, D. Ralph**

**VAN DIEMEN-LILIENFELD (21 E. 57),
Mar. 15-31: Mayer-Gunther**

**VIVIANO (42 E. 57), Mar. 3-29: J.
Glasco**

**WALKER (117 E. 57), Mar.: Collec-
tor's Finds**

**WASHINGTON IRVING (49 Irving
Pl.), Mar. 2-22: J. Sonenberg**

**WEYHE (794 Lex. at 61), to Mar. 8:
E. J. Stevens**

**WHITE (42 E. 57), Mar. 4-29: L.
Kupferman**

**WIDDIFIELD (818 Mad. at 68), Mar.
4-29: J. B. Crawford**

**WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), Mar.: 19th
& 20th C. Fr.**

**WILLARD (23 W. 56), Mar. 5-29: L.
Feininger**

**WITTENBORN (1018 Mad. at 79),
Mar. 1-14: A. Monreal; Mar. 15-28:
M. Engelmann**

**WORLD HOUSE (987 Mad. at 77), to
Mar. 22: Cont. Korean Ptg.**

**ZABRISKIE (32 E. 65), Mar. 3-29: L.
Johnson; Grp.**

PARIS, FRANCE
DE FRANCE, Mar.: Pignon

DROUET, Mar.: Sciltian

RIVERE, to Mar. 20: Soshana

**SCHOELLER, Mar. 6-31: Pierre-Hum-
bert**

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
PA. ACAD., Mar. 7-Apr. 6: Fellow-
ship's Annual Ptg., Sclpt., Grphcs.;
Phila. Artists

**ART ALLIANCE, to Mar. 16: A. Al-
calay; Mar. 7-Apr. 2: G. Belfiore;
Mar. 13-30: L. Edmondson**

PITTSBURGH, PA.
CARNEGIE, to Mar. 30: Daumier
lithos; Mar. 7-Apr. 17: Pitts. Annual

PORLAND, ORE.
MUSEUM, to Mar. 23: Pacific Coast
Biennial

PRINCETON, N. J.
LITTLE GALLERY, Mar. 2-22: F. Wein-
stein

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
SCHL. OF DESIGN, Mar. 4-Apr. 12:
4 Young Amers.; Young R. I. Artists

ROOSEVELT FIELD, L. I., N. Y.
ART CTR., Mar. 8-21: W. Parks; Mar.
22-29: Tchrs. Assn.

ROSWELL, N. M.
MUSEUM, Mar. 1-28: Southwestern
Invit. Exhib.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
MCMAY ART INST., Mar.: Mod. Fr.;
Gothic Arts

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
MUSEUM, to Mar. 23: Mondrian

SAN MARCOS, TEXAS
STATE COLLEGE, Mar. 9-29: L. Knorr

SEATTLE, WASH.
MUSEUM, to Mar. 16: P. Horiuchi;
J. Shadbolt; Tessai

**SELIGMAN, Mar. 8-29: C. Stegeman,
F. Andre**

TOLEDO, OHIO
MUSEUM, Mar. 1-30: Masterpieces of
Brit. Ptg.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
CORCORAN, to Mar. 16: 12 Yrs. of
Ital. Ptg.

**JEFFERSON PL., to Mar. 12: T. Shi-
noda; Mar. 13-Apr. 2: W. Calfee**

WORCESTER, MASS.
MUSEUM, "Some Younger Names in
Amer. Ptg."

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